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January
5
1955

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And how welcome!"

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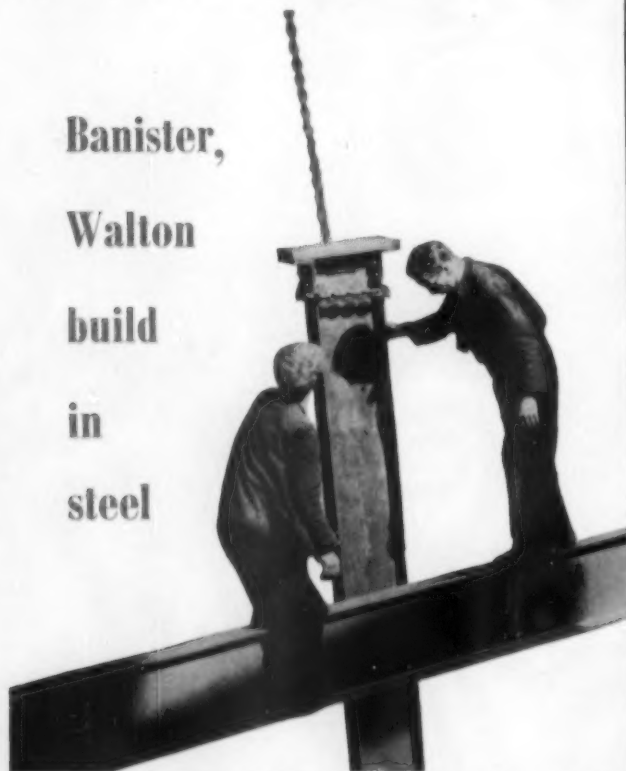
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in

steel



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Tobler Chocolate



Sir Norris Sniff had lost the scent

And all the hounds were homeward bent,
The M.F.H. turned straight to Norris,

'Now hunt', said he, 'for PHILIP MORRIS!'

... when run to ground
only 3/9 for 20!

**PHILIP
MORRIS**
CIGARETTES



Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Ltd.

announces
its change of name as from
17th December, 1954
to

THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY LIMITED



The BP Shield is the symbol of the world-wide
organisation of

The British Petroleum Company Limited

(previously Anglo-Iranian Oil Co., Ltd.)

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JANUARY

ANCESTRAL VOICES

In January 1878 there was opened in London the first Exhibition of the telephone. Our Almanacks tell us little about it. Gladstone did not make a statement, nor the Laureate compose an Ode, for the event. Only the comic weeklies ran jovial prognostications of the horrors-to-come from the invasion of the privacy of the home.

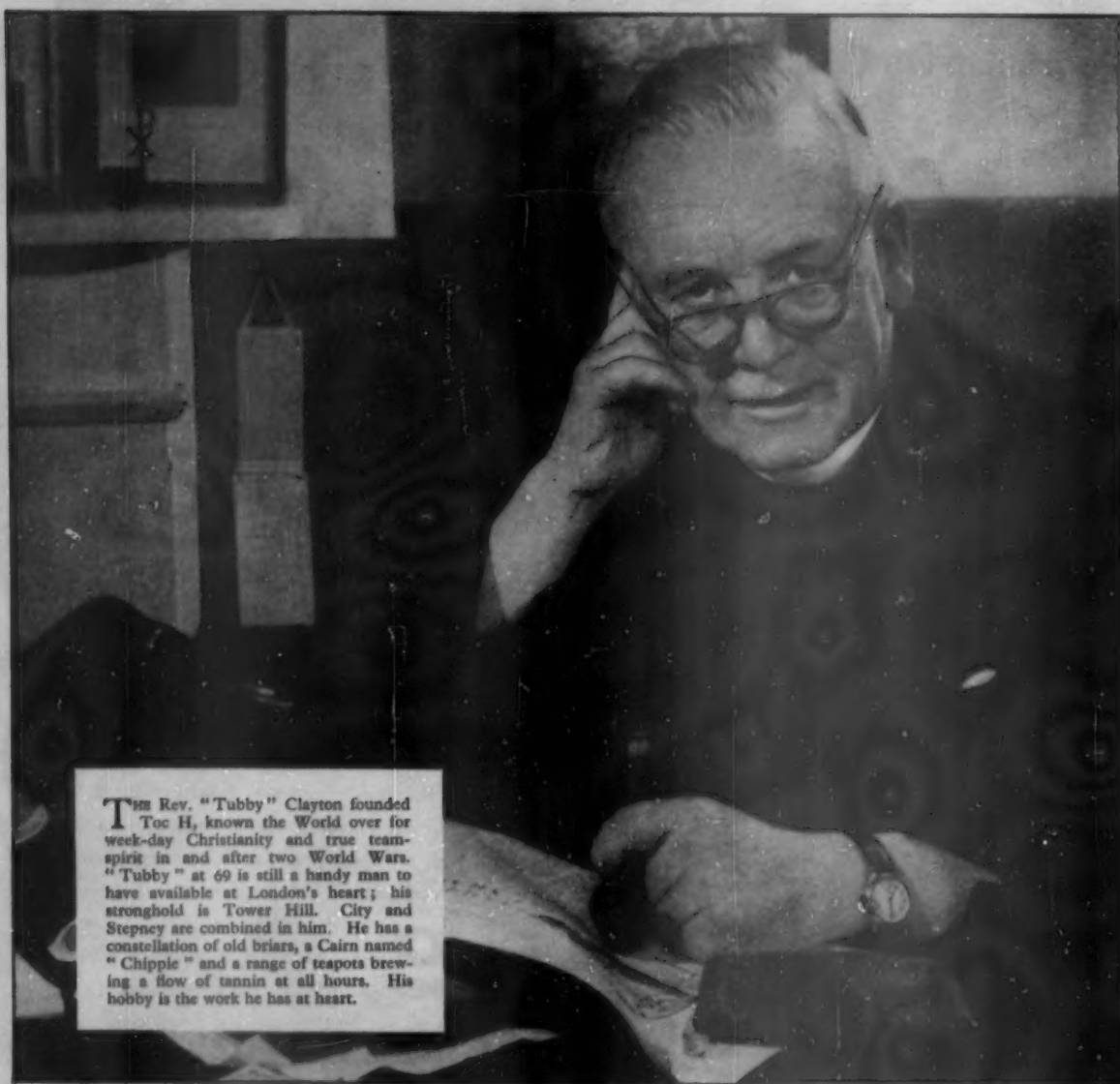
Today we no longer have any privacy worth invading. But what became of those early telephone machines? Screwed to the wall, with a good deal of fancy woodwork, they ran on steam (didn't they?), they had a little black wheel for cranking up with, and a mouthpiece clumsily adjustable to the speaking height of grandfather (6 ft.) and grandmother (5 ft. 2 ins.).

Where have these contraptions gone? We have our own theory to answer this otherwise baffling question. In the daredevil romances of our childhood, the hero (intrepid Subaltern on a special mission) or villain (guttural anarchist) often put through a 'phone call, and then made sure that nobody else would. How did he do it? He 'tore the whole machine from the wall by its roots, and threw it on the floor'. The Edwardian telephones could stand up to a lot, but they couldn't survive being torn out by the roots and thrown on the floor by characters in *Clums* and the *B.O.P.* Sooner or later the breed became extinct.



The out-dated has no place at the Midland Bank. To maintain and improve the efficiency of its service, the Bank uses the most up-to-date equipment which it is possible to obtain.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED



The Rev. "Tubby" Clayton founded Toc H, known the World over for week-day Christianity and true team-spirit in and after two World Wars. "Tubby" at 69 is still a handy man to have available at London's heart; his stronghold is Tower Hill. City and Stepney are combined in him. He has a constellation of old briars, a Cairn named "Chippie" and a range of teapots brewing a flow of tannin at all hours. His hobby is the work he has at heart.

"My Daily Mail" by 'TUBBY' CLAYTON

A MORNING NEWSPAPER, which concentrates the news in short, sharp sentences, wakes and stimulates ere work begins. As early birds envisage early worms, the early City worker must neither miss his train nor yet his Mail. He must have news, brilliantly predigested. That's where the Daily Mail first led the way, when I was young. It has not lost that lead in '55. What's in the wind, at home and overseas? The Mail will tell me, swaying on a strap. We can find what we want forthwith.

But quick news is not everything. We look for judgment and integrity. The Editor interprets the world scene. Interpreters, like priests, must make friends with all sorts and conditions of men before they attempt persuasion.

Folk like and trust the Mail, because it does not try to make their flesh creep. It does not bamboozle. It is not hysterical. It shakes off the Slough of Despond, and does not linger indefinitely in Vanity Fair.

In short, the Daily Mail is energising, and also wholesome and alert. No child has come to harm by reading it. This newspaper is not without ideals. It has its own proud records of achievement. It has traced many troubles to their sources, and most effectively increased morale among our race. It long has proved, and it remains today, a genuine tribune of the British people, interpreting their outlook, establishing their ways, heeding their sorrows, encouraging their hopes. I gladly recommend the Daily Mail."



1000 miles of merciless vibration!

ATUDOR OYSTER PRINCE—the new self-winding watch commissioned by Rolex of Geneva—was worn by a competitor in the Monaco International Trophy for motorcycles. For 29 hours, over a course of 1,000 miles of rough, winding Alpine roads, it was subjected to an ordeal by dust, rain, and especially the constant, merciless vibration of high-speed riding. And yet, at the end of this gruelling test, it emerged ticking smoothly, having maintained perfect time throughout.

No ordinary self-winding watch could endure the destructive effect of such continual vibration.

This is the watch that has successfully passed the most severe tests a self-winding wrist-watch has ever been put through. The Tudor Oyster Prince is swimproof in its genuine Oyster Case, and self-wound by a new and unique "rotor" self-winding mechanism; and now the date is shown neatly and clearly in a window on the dial.



The Tudor Oyster Prince maintains its incredible accuracy under such conditions, thanks to the superlative craftsmanship of two exclusively patented Rolex features: the "rotor" self-winding mechanism—suspension-sprung and proof against all shocks and vibrations; and the famous Oyster swimproof case, which excludes even the minutest particles of dust and moisture.

With its handsome stainless steel case and matching expanding steel bracelet, the invincible Tudor Oyster Prince is indeed a watch of which anyone could be proud. Ask for it at your jeweller's and see how modest the price is.



He fell on his feet in FRANCE . . .

From the day he set foot in France he never made a false step. He always had the right word for every occasion—the French word. He had a whale of a time without paying a whale of a price. He was at home wherever he went because he was never lost for words. His English friends thought he'd been educated in France and never mentioned it before. Yet all the French he'd ever heard was from Linguaphone gramophone records. Two or three months of pleasant listening, while following the spoken word in an illustrated textbook, is all anyone needs to learn any of 31 different languages.

Linguaphone takes the labour out of language.

The Linguaphone method is the easiest of all ways of learning because it is the natural way—it follows closely the method by which you learnt English as a child. You hear a clear voice speaking the language with faultless pronunciation while you follow the spoken word in the illustrated textbook. In a remarkably short time you find yourself speaking without effort and you can follow the language easily whenever you hear it spoken.

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There's no better way of proving the value of Linguaphone than by trying it out in your own home. This is why the Linguaphone Institute offers you a week's trial in any language you choose. Post the coupon below for free 26-page illustrated booklet and details of this trial offer.

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Please send me, post free, your 26-page book about Linguaphone and details of the Week's Free Trial Offer. (I have/have no gramophone.)

I am especially interested in (underline whatever applies)—

TRAVEL, BUSINESS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, SERVICE WITH H.M. FORCES, ADULTS' EXAMINATION, CONSULAR SERVICE, SCHOOL-CHILDREN, VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

"Now tell me how you like my coffee"

Dress by Julian Rose

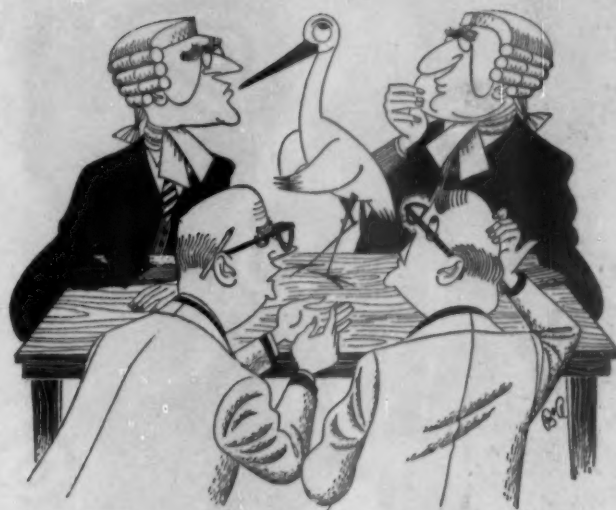
LYONS
for
COFFEE

WHY DO THE MOST SUCCESSFUL HOSTESSES-
ABOUT-TOWN USE LYONS PURE COFFEE?

There's a very simple reason . . . Freshly-ground coffee beans will only make the best coffee if the beans themselves are fresh. The coffee beans used by Lyons are roasted and ground at the peak of their freshness, then the coffee is immediately aroma-sealed (by an exclusive Lyons process) in the well-known green tins. It is the freshest coffee you can buy.



Even the baffins are boffled...



Two eminent scientists recently gave evidence before C.A.T.I.T.L.W.R.S.T.B.K.A.S.M.—known as 'Katie'—the commission appointed to investigate the law which requires Stork to be known as Stork Margarine. Sir Mark One stated that he personally had conducted thorough tests of the Stork Margarine in question. Its constituent parts, though admirable in their quality, as well as the method, albeit inspired, by which these parts were blended into a homogeneous whole proved conclusively that it was margarine. Excellent margarine—but, nevertheless, technically, margarine! Mr. Mark Two said that he also had subjected the commodity to the usual analysis. He had run his finger along it. He had smelt it. He had tasted it. These infallible tests proved that it was margarine his foot!

An ugly situation was averted by a word from the Chairman. He observed that the evidence of Sir Mark One was obviously sounder because he didn't understand it. He had always been accustomed to calling a spade a spade, even the ace. He felt that as law-abiding citizens they should be on the side of Law and Order. So they voted on the side of the Law. And ordered.

The Law and the Palate beg to differ—

THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE



*"If only there were as many
Agas as there are kittens, the world
would be a lot better fed."*

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*The gaps around
the average win-
dow frame are
equal to a hole
this size.*

SEALDRAUGHT LTD.

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now fly TWA to USA
at reduced Thrift
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service, the same comfort
and individual attention..."



... but on your next trip to
America and back
you'll be saving £28...



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... and TWA will fly you
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inside America, too."

Now is the time to plan your trip to the U.S.A. TWA Thrift Season reduced fares are in operation from now until the end of March. Reductions apply to all TWA transatlantic services.

London to New York (RETURN FARES)	On Season (APR-OCT)	Thrift Season (NOV-MAR)	Saving
First Class	£257.5.0	£228.12.0	£28.13.0
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Efficient service...



The World famous Cunard liner QUEEN MARY undergoing overhaul at Southampton.

Photo by courtesy of The Cunard Steamship Co. Ltd

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UNA BENDICIÓN ...

OLD MARÍA sits making her lace. As stitch follows stitch she gives thanks for the electricity that lights her work. "Electricity", says María, "is *una bendición para el hombre* — for the benefit of Man."

Up at Los Peares, work is proceeding on a new hydro-electric power station. It will make electricity for the growing industries in the North of Spain.

The electrical plant is being supplied by The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., one of the nine famous A.E.I. companies. The equipment includes three huge generators, transformers, switchgear and control gear.

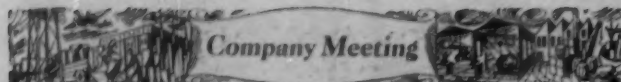
A.E.I. are Associated Electrical Industries whose Companies make everything electrical from a turbine to a torch bulb.

AEI

for progress through electricity

Associated Electrical Industries
are a family of companies :

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliances Co. Ltd.
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.
Newton Victor Ltd.
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.
Sunvic Controls Ltd.



Company Meeting

VITAMINS LIMITED

Animals and humans can be better fed

At the last Annual General Meeting of Vitamins Ltd., held in London the Chairman, Mr. H. C. H. Graves, said that Group Trading profit for 1953/4 (£87,123) was ahead of their previous record, but the dividend would be maintained at the same level as last year. On their agricultural side their new "Permanized" vitamins A and D would enable compounders and provender millers to supplement animal feeding stuffs with the most stable preparations of A and D vitamins so far tested in their laboratories: young pigs could be saved by use of another product, Vitasukla, as a substitute for, or an adjunct to, the sow's normal milk supply.



Turning from the subject of animal to that of human nutrition, Mr. Graves stated that when flour milling was decontrolled, millers were faced with new problems. Their company had been able to contribute to the solution of one such problem with their new product "Vitamix"*, now the biggest seller in its field.

He again reminded the meeting that they still heard of many complaints these days of a feeling of frustration or of undue fatigue or of being under par. They still heard of listless children or of infants who did not grow as quickly as they should. The N.H.S. would treat them and us if we actually became ill, but what about when they were not ill but just below par? It was in that twilight stage, that stage of betwixt and between, that most dramatic benefits could be found from the steady use of Bemax. How different many of the frustrated and listless would be on Bemax. If, like some recipes, Bemax were unpleasant and not easy of acceptance

he could understand there being abstainers from its use, but on the contrary it was possible to take it in so many ways—with milk or fruit juice, in soup or sprinkled on cereal foods—that he found it incredible that anyone who had the opportunity should fail to give it a trial, and still more incredible to think that in these

enlightened days anyone could be found to deny their children its benefits.

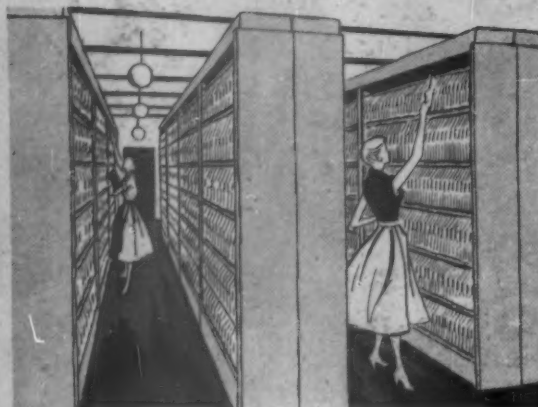
In particular, the new chocolate-flavoured Bemax—which had been proved on large-scale trials to be highly acceptable to children—removed the last possible objection to its use.

With the risk of an influenza epidemic in the offing it was vital that the nation should build up its resistance in time. Bemax was ideal for the purpose.

The report and accounts were adopted.

* 'Charivarja' 26.8.53 said "Ministry of Food will compel millers to add nicotine, iron and vitamin B, to the flour. . .". A correspondent pointed out that there was no vitamin activity in nicotine: the addition was nicotine acid "one of the B complex vitamins." 'Charivarja' 4.11.53 replied: "But isn't the whole subject?" To which we may gently add: "You're telling us!"

To make the office
a better place
to work in



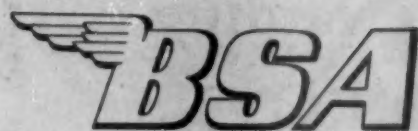
LATERAL FILING

Organisations who must of necessity keep a vast number of files are faced with the unavoidable fact that files occupy extremely valuable space. Hospitals, Education Committees, Police, Insurance and Building Societies, Government Authorities and other large organisations will welcome LATERAL FILING — Roneo's latest solution to bulk filing problems. Although lateral filing manages to squeeze a quart into a pint pot, access to files is rapid and easy.

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call in **RONEO**
and do the job PROPERLY





A NOTABLE STAGE IN GROUP'S HISTORY

The far-reaching activities of the B.S.A. Group of Companies include the manufacture of most forms of road transport, power units, machine and small tools.

Heavy engineering, the making of special steels, rifles and guns—which originally gave the Company its name—complete a considerable contribution to the industrial well-being of the Nation.



EXTRACTS from Sir Bernard Docker's speech at the ninety-third Annual General Meeting of the Birmingham Small Arms Co.

" The past year marked a notable stage in the history of the growth of B.S.A. "

" During the year we purchased Carbodies, Ltd. "

" William Jessop & Sons . . . with our awareness of being ahead in every new development, our Steel Group is preparing to supply the aircraft and other engineering industries with special parts made of Titanium and its alloys. "

" The dividend is increased from 15% to 17½%. It is our intention to consider paying interim dividends in May."

THE BIRMINGHAM SMALL ARMS COMPANY



It's rewarding to own a ROVER...

because it is such a simple, trouble-free car to maintain. Chassis lubrication, for instance, is almost eliminated; indeed, to the Rover owner, a garage is normally no more than a filling station.

because of its astonishing gift for keeping quiet about its power. Even at high speeds, the hum of the tyres and the tick of the dashboard clock are practically all you hear.

because it pays handsome dividends in service. It has never been built *down* to a price, but always *up* to a standard of craftsmanship that has earned it the title of "one of Britain's fine cars". Few other cars command such high resale prices.

because it is such an easy car to handle . . . so light and responsive to the controls that driver and car seem always to act in perfect harmony, no matter how hard the going or how thick the traffic.

INSIDE INFORMATION

Rubber bushes and sealed bearings provide a clean and efficient self-lubricating system. The clutch bearing is always immersed in clean oil and requires no attention throughout the life of the car. All tools necessary for minor adjustments are neatly pocketed in a moulded rubber tray under the dashboard.

Many factors contribute to Rover quietness. There are, for instance, rubber mountings between frame and body and rubber pads between front coil springs and chassis. Soundproof spraying and heavy felt floor coverings are further reasons why the Rover is so silent.

Corrosion is prevented by spraying and the use of rustless aluminium alloy panels in exposed parts. Five sprayed undercoats rubbed down by hand form the basis of the high gloss finish. Valves made of Silchrome XB and faced with "Brightway" steel, and very hard alloy cast iron valve inserts increase resistance to pitting, burning and corrosion.

Controlled free wheel for delightful clutchless gear changes . . . precision steering . . . direct central gear change with synchromesh on 2nd, 3rd and top . . . exceptionally convenient layout of controls and instruments . . . these are some of the features that make clumsy handling of a Rover almost impossible.

ROVER

Sixty · Seventy-Five · Ninety

Body and chassis are standardised, but three different engine sizes give motorists a made-to-measure service in which design and workmanship are uniformly high. New features common to all 1955 models include re-shaped luggage boot, larger rear window and flashing type indicators.



PUBLICITY for one of London's circuses carries the emphatic announcement, "This show will NOT appear on television." However, it may be a long time before popular opinion comes round to the view that this is the hallmark of good entertainment.

Anything in the "Mail"?

THANKS are due to the *Daily Express* for sponsoring the *Daily Express* boat show, and particularly for allocating valuable *Daily Express* space to *Daily Express* staff reporters so that *Daily Express* readers who can't get to Olympia can read in the *Daily Express* about this latest *Daily Express* move to interest the public in the *Daily Express*.

No Net

A REQUEST by Mr. Dodds for the restoration of gymnasium facilities in the Houses of Parliament was received coldly by the Parliamentary Secretary



to the Ministry of Works, who recognized "the importance of physical fitness" but doubted whether Members were expected "to encourage it by example." In any case, most politicians find a talent for wire-walking inborn.

Kicks Back Too?

NEW products of a fashionable French footwear house include a ladies' shoe which squeals when anyone treads on the wearer's foot. It will appeal chiefly to the sort of woman who is unaccustomed to doing anything for herself.

Bard Barred

STRATFORD, Connecticut, has decided to abandon its Shakespeare adult-education classes, it is reported, because

"only five people enrolled for the course." This will surprise only those Americans who have never visited Stratford, Warwickshire. What was needed was a comprehensive course in hotel management, the manufacture and sale of genuine relics of the Swan, and the quest for variations on the "Titus Andronicus Tea-Shoppe."

Petrified Forest

MR. DUNCAN SANDYS has been giving some highly satisfactory forecasts of next year's building-achievements, with



the production of 12,000,000 tons of cement and 7,000,000,000 bricks practically assured, and the target of still another 340,000 houses confidently fixed. This is tremendously encouraging for all who don't give a damn about the view from their windows.

Dive, Dive, Dive

ONCE more the end-of-term Divisions and Prize-giving have come and gone at the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and two outstanding cadets have been presented with their Queen's Telescopes. It is thought that with the growing vulnerability of surface craft in modern war conditions these will become the Queen's Periscopes next year.

Please Find I.O.U. Herewith

THE profit of £124,000,000, which the N.U.R. leaders had suggested should be used to plough back into British Railways to allow for higher wages, has been dismissed by the Minister of Transport as no more than a "book-keeping transaction." This is nothing new, of course. Everyone is

aware that all Government finances, from the National Debt downwards, are nothing but pages in well-kept account books—but at this time of year it does remind us to wonder why only the taxpayer has to deal in real pounds, shillings and pence.

Pass the Bad Language

THE latest thing in electric toasters, which prints "Good Morning!" on each piece of toast, was no doubt conceived by the inventor as a means of ending the bore of breakfast conversation. But science, unfortunately, can only go forwards, and inevitable developments of the idea are bound to bring a variety of toasted insults which can be fired across the table from the now familiar ejector models.

Crowd Scene

REPORTS that, so far, fourteen newspapers have stated an intention to send eighteen representatives to cover



Princess Margaret's Caribbean tour seem to conflict with earlier Press announcements that she would be travelling alone.

Packing It In

FORCIBLE assistance from the Ministry of Agriculture was bound to discourage in the long run, and the recent establishment of complex pig machinery seems to have proved the last straw. Or, as the *Birmingham Weekly Post* summed it up in a headline: "FARMERS GIVE UP STRUGGLE TO SOW."

The Land is Bright

PERHAPS the most reassuring pointer yet about cordiality between East and West is contained in an announcement by the Postmaster-General that air

parcels for the Soviet Zone of Germany and the Eastern Sector of Berlin "may now be accepted for insurance." Once the world of insurance offers to take a risk you can be sure there isn't much.

Filthy Sherry, This

AMONG seasonal letters to the Press are those from indignant hosts describing how guests have made cigarette



burns in their carpets. The worst offenders, of course, are those who do this and pick holes in the arrangements.

Dignity of Print

LIBRARIES, says a librarian in a recent report, are stiffening their resistance to "publications that offend on moral grounds," a move which "may convince authors in time that sex does not pay." The policy will no doubt be retained until the libraries don't pay either.

Handy Remedy

Sulphur in the air, says Sir Frank Whittle, is turning the Houses of Parliament into Epsom salts.

At last the M.P. on a dining-room spree Will be sitting (digestively) pretty: He can take a good lick at medicinal brick—

And to hell with the Kitchen Committee.



THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

LORD CANTOR was a patron of letters. He had three country estates—one in Somerset, one in Wales and one in Scotland. On each of these estates he kept a journalist in a cage, engaged to write the biography of a leading statesman recently dead. The journalist in Somerset, a Socialist, had to write the biography of the former leader of the Conservative party, the journalist in Scotland, a Conservative, that of the leader of the Socialist party, and the Welshman, a Liberal, that of the leader of the Liberal party. For Lord Cantor was above party, but he knew that the way to get some spice into a biography was to set a Liberal to write about a Liberal. Lord Cantor himself lived in a distant colony, in a swimming-pool, but he had a private telephone line laid on to each of the cages, so that he could ring up at any hour of the day or night to make certain that none of his journalists had escaped.

His original notions had been grander than this. He had bought a Regius Professor, whom he used to take around everywhere with him. It had been Lord Cantor's intention to buy up all the Dons in England, but Lord Carburettor had objected that he had a lien on all Dons and had obtained an injunction from the Minister of Labour forbidding Lord Cantor from poaching Dons while a labour dispute was actually in progress. Lord Cantor was very angry, but he had to accept the injunction, to make do with one Regius Professor and to fall back on journalists.

There were, Lord Cantor explained to his writers, only two rules of history upon which he insisted. They were that all Empire statesmen were to be praised and all foreign statesmen were to be "guyed." Apart from that they were quite free to say what they liked. "It's Liberty Hall," he explained, turning the key in the padlock of the cage. He gave them all the papers, had their meals sent into the cages and told them to get on with it. He did not often ring up more than four times within an hour.

It all seemed perfectly simple, and so it was up to a point, until one of the writers—I forget which—made the discovery about the subject of his

biography that he had a Chinese great-aunt who was born on the mainland of that country just opposite Hong Kong. This was indeed an impasse, for no one could discover whether the great-aunt was born in the British territory there or just over the border in Chinese territory. If she was born in the British territory then she was an Empire-builder and to be praised. Her influence on the statesman's mind was to be deeply stressed. If she was born in the Chinese territory then she was little better than a foreign entanglement, and it must be explained that the statesman was ashamed of the alien connection and never really had anything to do with her. In fact she must "unexist."

Lord Cantor's barks down the telephone became ever louder and more frequent. "Get the birth certificate," he shouted. "Get the birth certificate or yer fired." The journalist was only too ready to go and get it, but it meant leaving his cage, and Lord Cantor, for all his insistence, was yet not willing to let him out. So it was agreed that the Regius Professor should go instead. The Regius Professor explained that, like all Dons, he had only one half of the year holiday, but he thought that he might be able to find the time if "the Chief" really insisted. But Lord Carburettor had no mind to allow Dons to go off to China to find things for Lord Cantor. So he offered the Regius Professor an even larger sum of money than Lord Cantor had offered him to stay at home and write the Life and Letters of Lord Cantor. "Cantor is a big man," explained the Regius Professor as he endorsed the cheque, "but Carburettor has the greater respect for scholarship."

The Regius Professor had not got any letters because Lord Cantor, owing to the superior barkworthiness of the telephone, never wrote letters, nor had Lord Cantor ever had any life in any normal connotation of the word "life," and at first Lord Cantor was very angry. But then he reflected that any publicity was better than no publicity, and got rather pleased with the idea.

And that is the story of how Lord Cantor and Lord Carburettor became friends and joined together to do down the Duke of Horseflesh. C. H.



Distinctive perfumes are now sprayed experimentally through two lines of the Paris Métro system. They are to be changed at intervals and a ballot taken before a choice is made.

My Days in Tin Pan Alley

By ANTHONY CARSON

SOME time ago I worked in Tin Pan Alley, in that amorphous area behind the booksellers and the functional chemists of the Charing Cross Road. I was under contract to a firm called Rainbows Limited, situated in a smart building like a bank with a show window displaying the latest Rainbow Smash Hits: "On a Rustic Bridge with You," "There's a Bluebird in My Garden," "Do You Remember Sunset Bay?" I had acquired my contract through the agency of a Mr. Blake (*né* Grunz), a small composer in an enormous hat who had escaped from every country in Central Europe, and who had arrived in England, battered and bewildered and without any possessions except an extremely melancholy melody. I had written a lyric for it, entitled "Mist Over the

Danube," and we had trudged the streets for months until it was finally accepted by Rainbows Limited under the title of "In My Gipsy Caravan." ("Just you, and me, under the stars, a maid and a man, In my gipsy caravan...") "You boys obviously have talent," the manager had said, offering us cigars.

Since a successful song writer can earn anything up to four thousand a year, it was obviously not a profession to trifle with. "You've got to feel the psychology of the moment," the manager told me. "You've got to work in a certain accepted pattern. Above all, you must be *sincere*. It's sincerity that sells a song. It's sincerity which put 'There's a Bluebird in My Garden' on the map. Go and talk to my song plugger, Mr. Marks. He knows more about sincerity than any other man in

Great Britain. After all, he's got to sell it."

Mr. Marks, or "Ed," as he was called, was in charge of song exploitation, and continuously sang Rainbow Smash Hits to potential music-hall performers. He had a light, pleasant baritone voice, gastric ulcers, and could eat only vegetarian food. Opposite his counter was a long leather settee, constantly crammed with song writers waiting to jump at a piano and release a smash hit. One by one they entered Ed's musical sanctum, moaned and tinkled, and then, if they were lonely, repeated the performance on the manager's piano. As there were five pianos on the exploitation floor, the sincerity became overpowering, particularly when all the pianos were in use at once. Sometimes it became necessary



"Emily, what time will it be now in Australia?"

to escape to the floor below, where the jazz section of Rainbows Limited were housed. Here passion and platitudinous frenzy were entirely absent, and there was a positively monastic atmosphere of devotion and intellectual contemplation. Coloured men in rimless glasses grouped themselves around muted radio-gramophones, listening to the mock simplicities of New Orleans counterpoint, the piano tinkled with a subdued, unadorned philosophy. I listened carefully to the lyrics. They were mercifully meaningless. In them was no heart, no throb, no agony of clichés. The one I liked best was about a man fishing who simply couldn't catch any fish and just went on sitting. But there wasn't any money there. And to write those sort of lyrics you had to sit by a river for years and forget the pressure of being Anglo-Saxon.

The manager, whom everybody called "Stan," was convinced that "Gipsy Caravan" was going to be a smash hit. "You've hit on the psychology of the moment," he said, handing me a cigar. "It's Escape. It's good for a year or two, and then they'll swing round to optimism and whistling in the rain. Your lyric is pure romantic poetry. Get to work and you'll make a fortune." I returned to Ed, the song plugger, and lunched with him on mock duck, nutmeat and chemical fruit juices. A month later I produced a number called "Moonlight Bay." "In Moonlight Bay, have you forgotten, the kiss that stole our hearts away..." Stan was impressed, but constantly suggested revisions. I began to feel myself trapped, stampeded farther and farther into the Rainbow territory, where all erotic emotions were canalized into a set but entirely misty routine. Only certain symbols were permitted. Rustic bridges, certain types of headgear such as sombreros, a limited number of mythological birds, a constant assumption that rain preceded the rainbow, and the cracked mission bells of unnamed South American republics.

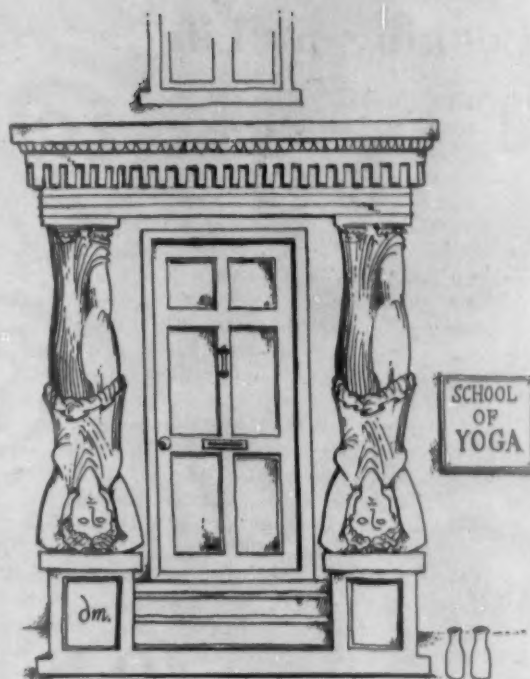
This growing obsession was accelerated by visits to the Song Writers' Club, the centre and heart of the kingdom of Tin Pan Alley. Mutual congratulations erupted over the bar, and unborn smash hits lapped from the piano in sugary waves. It was simply a case of specialization, of trapped emotion, of that division of the heart which separates

song from thought. "Mother" was the favourite symbol, a shadowy lady with white hair who waited for her Irish son (preferably from Galway), forgave his wild past and covered him with shamrock. After a few visits to the club I began to imagine such an ideal mother, I crossed rustic bridges in the moonlight, I heard bluebirds, I sang in the rain of Shaftesbury Avenue.

And then the trouble began. My growing obsession with smash-hit symbols started to enter my private life. It was impossible to talk to a friend without concentrating on phrases which lent themselves to the semi-tropical, lachrymose landscapes of Sunset Valley. The world was a theme song—as indeed more than half of it is—and when "Gipsy Caravan" was eventually released to the public I waited in an agony of anticipation for its first broadcast by courtesy of the Light Programme and a smash-hit tenor called Roderick Melody. There was a fanfare of introduction, a portion of the "Moonlight Sonata" by courtesy of Beethoven, and Roderick Melody started to sing.

My first impression was that Mr. Melody had had far too much to drink. In any case he kept on forgetting the words, and the fruity voice meandered in and out of the Gipsy Caravan without ever leaving Tottenham Court Road. The orchestra were obviously aware of this, and jumped into the breach with a section of Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody." There was a round of mechanical applause, another fanfare, and a new song, "I'm Going to Paint a Rainbow in the Rain," was ushered in.

To this day I believe that "Gipsy Caravan" was in the smash-hit class. Its psychology was perfect, Bohemian, refined and hygienically amoral. But fate was against it. One by one the dance-band instrumentalists were called



up, and the melody gradually grew unrecognizable. It faded out in a whine of out-of-tune violins, asthmatic accordions and wrong notes on pianos. The manager gave me no more cigars. Ed and I had no more talks on sincerity. And then I was called up.

On the first day I joined the Army I met a fat man in a brand-new ill-fitting uniform, who had the next bed to mine in the barrack room. He was just sitting there, staring at the floor, as though he were waiting for beetles. After a long silence he suddenly started singing in a low broken-hearted voice. "Just you and me under the stars... in a gipsy caravan." He got the words wrong. I was just going to speak to him when a sergeant dashed into the room. "Private Melody, stop making that bloody row!" he shouted.

"It's all a dreadful mistake," murmured Private Melody, staring at the floor again. Later on that night I stole his blanco.

"As Pants the Hart"?

"Boy-C.S.M. Peter Heming, the winner of the Cassel silver medal for the best boy musician in the school, will play a corset solo during the concert."

East Kent Mercury

Looking at Life

By T. S. WATT

THIS afternoon we present the second programme in our series, "Looking at Life," in which we picture for you some of the everyday occurrences in the lives of ordinary people. To-day we have stationed our cameras beside the counter of one of our great banks, and John Bradbury is waiting to comment on the scene as the customers transact their business. So now, without more ado—over to John Bradbury!

Good afternoon. Well, I'm afraid you've just arrived in the middle of a temporary lull. As you can see, there are no customers at the counter at present, but it's after half-past two, and I'm told that the closing-hour rush should be starting any minute now. In the meantime let's just sit back and relax as the cameras show us something of the splendours of this magnificent banking hall.

Right in the middle of your picture you see the clock. Round about three the commissionaire will be keeping a sharp eye on that. A few seconds before the hour he'll walk to the main entrance, and at three exactly he'll shut and lock the door. It's an interesting little ceremony, and I wish we had time to stay and see it.

Now, if the camera would swing a little to the left . . . just a little more . . . that's it, there we are! That's the date. It's housed in a highly polished mahogany box, and it can be altered in a moment by turning a knob. Clear, bold figures. And here's the revolving door. If we look through the glass panels we see the main entrance and the street beyond it. Notice those two people chatting on the steps? I wonder if one of them is going to come in? . . . Well, they seem to be talking away pretty animatedly, and I don't think it's much use waiting any longer. Suppose we see what the cashiers are doing? Let's have a look at, say, number four, if we can . . .

Well, he seems to be taking a breather. Suppose we move on to number five . . . Ah, that's better! Now, that's very interesting. He's sorting notes. Just look at that finger action! I wonder how long you or I would take to get through that pile!

Now what's he going to do? He's moving down the counter. Let's just follow him, and see what happens. Nice easy stride—not hurried, but wasting no time, either. See that slap on the back for number three? There's a great spirit among these chaps. I think he's going to have a word with number one. No, he's passed him. What can he—Ah, that's it! He's gone to look out of the window! He's watching the people go by. See his head move from side to side? Yes, that's what he's doing all right. Watching the people.

Well now, I wonder where all these customers have got to? Let's have another look at that revolving door. I do believe . . . no . . . yes . . . yes, it is! Someone's coming in! Now then, which cashier is he going to? Number three, I think. No, he's decided to go to number two. Oops! Some weight in that bag! Let's watch him open it, shall we? I think I know what's inside. I saw several transactions like this before you joined us. He's from one of the big firms, and he's brought the day's takings—bundles of notes and bags of silver and copper. If we could just have a rather closer view . . . That's better! That's splendid! Now for it!

Well, good gracious, I'm afraid I misled you a bit there. It's hair cream, apparently—and scissors, I think. Shaving soap too. And shoe laces.

Well, isn't that extraordinary! All the same, it's just the sort of queer little incident you see almost every day in these big banks. I mean, in comes this chap with his soap and scissors—we don't know his name and probably never will—and away he goes now, through the revolving doors and out into the great whirlpool of London—just one of eight million people! Makes you think, doesn't it?

Well now, here's a customer standing in front of number four cashier. She's just finished writing a cheque. He'll cancel it, you'll see, and then he'll give her the money. Well, that's odd. He's taken the cheque and he's going away! Yes, he's left the counter. Well, he won't be long, I dare say, and in the meantime let's just sit back and light a cigarette and have another look at that magnificent clock. Did you ever see anything like that gilding? I wonder if we could have a rather closer—wait a minute, though! Here comes number four again. Now what's going to happen? Good gracious! He's given her back the cheque and she's leaving the bank! Yes, there she goes through the revolving door. My goodness, what a push!

Well, I really don't quite know what to make of that. Never mind, here come some more customers—one—two—three—four—five of them! That's more like it! Now these chaps really are from some big firm—see how they keep together—and my guess is that they've come to draw out the weekly wages. Yes, that's it! Now we really shall see something. Just look at those packets of notes tumbling into that case! See that cashier jumping to and fro, fairly hurling them across the counter! There's a sizeable pay-packet flying through the air every five seconds, and these chaps tackle the job as coolly as if they were playing tiddly-winks! Hello, what's number one doing! I don't know whether you saw that on your screens, but I could swear that he threw a five-pound silver bag through the window! Well, that's an extraordinary thing! Of course, these chaps are a high-spirited lot, but—And here come some more customers! Policemen, my goodness! Well, I must say this really is the most unusual . . .





Wave a Fairy Trowel

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

THE brief season of good will burnt itself out in a blaze of glory last week, when the imagination of Press and public, in that order, was seized by a bizarre episode in Limehouse: a schoolgirl found a wallet, and instead of stealing it, which is always the popular expectation in such cases, handed it in to the police. What followed for the "Limehouse Cinderella . . . was one long, glorious, real-life transformation scene" (*Express*). "A star-sprinkled glitter" came into "the Cinderella kitchen where Jeanette lives motherless with her father, a sick road-sweeper" (*Sketch*). In short, Jeanette, sometimes described as Janet, sometimes as Jeannette, was invited to the Limehouse policemen's ball, sometimes described as an orphanage children's party; and she went, according to the various accounts, in a golden coach, a Rolls-Royce, or a sumptuous car lent by a Stepney undertaker. Throughout, and as dictated by the reporters' fancy, she "gazed tearfully into the fire," "wept," "cried," "wept for joy," "dried her eyes," "replied through her tears," "trembled with happiness," "shivered with excitement," "tried to smile," "looked up tearfully." In between, "tears filled the eyes of little Cinders."

She had a wonderful time.

The Press itself found its glasses so misted that vision was difficult. The girl was a Cinderella all right, everyone was agreed on that, and the tenderly posed photographs beside a humble grate proved it, but beyond that everything was confused. It was hard to see whether Cinderella's father was a semi-invalid (*Express*), a chronic invalid (*News Chronicle*), or merely a man who had "been sick for the past week" (*Sketch*), a thing that happens to the best of us at this time of year. Again, when she found the wallet in the gutter, was Cinderella playing hopscotch in the fading daylight of Christmas Eve (*Express*), or wandering lonely as a cloud while "luckier children were snug in bed waiting for Santa" (*Mail*)? The hopscotch theory is mildly supported by the *Sketch*'s report that she "skipped with" the wallet into the police station, but according to the *Mirror* she just "took it," which looks more like a bit of lonely wandering.

Nor is it clear what her Christmas would have been if Fleet Street hadn't interested itself in her case. The *Mail* announced flatly that her stocking was empty. In the *Express* her road-sweeper father, overcoming whatever degree of infirmity he suffered, bought her a jig-saw puzzle and a balloon—though

according to the *Sketch* the jig-saw came from a neighbour, and no balloon was to be seen; this report announced Cinderella's intention to spend her Christmas playing with the puzzle "and her school Bible—her only other treasure." The Bible was, in fact, a *Sketch* scoop, as was the news that the wallet not only contained fifteen pounds (sometimes in fivers, sometimes not, sometimes in an envelope, sometimes not) but "a Post Office bank book with a £300 credit." Actually, this was not good material on the *Sketch*'s part, and the reporter has no doubt been warned since about the need to drop all facts which are out of sympathy with the laid-down mood of a story: after all, Cinderella's extraordinary honesty was well established when she took ready money to the police—though most accounts agree that she handed the wallet in unopened—and the drama was not heightened by introducing this reference to non-negotiable instruments.

Again, what did the station sergeant say to the "Poor-Little-Honest-Girl" (*Sketch*)? Was it "You're a good girl," "I hope Santa Claus will bring you plenty," or "Little gel, you've found a fortune here"? The authorities differ. They also differ on whether Mr. Abbott (Abbott?), on recovering his wallet, gave Cinderella 11s. 6d., or whether the station sergeant did. (In the *Sketch* it was 21s. 6d. anyway.) Nor could they decide exactly what it was that Cinderella lacked faith in before the newspaper philanthropists moved in. According to the *Mail* she didn't believe in Santa Claus. Now she would. ("Thank you all," she sighed gratefully, "I do believe in Father Christmas now.") The *Sketch* attributed her former unhappiness to a lack of faith in fairies; but later, "I believe in fairies now," she said." It was the *Sketch* which reported that, after hearing about the invitation to the ball, she announced that she "wouldn't sleep a wink," though, in the *Express*, "as the embers of the fire died out, she went to sleep, perchance to dream—of meeting Prince Charming at the ball." Prince Charming is a permissible touch, no doubt, if a little grown-up for a thirteen-year-old school-girl who has so recently accepted the myths of fairies and Santa Claus.



"Still a little sudden with the brakes, Miss Bellenger."



Who really played the rôle of benefactor is a source of great puzzlement to all the Pressmen involved. It is forgivable, the East London vernacular being what it is, to be uncertain whether Cinderella's father said "I've had a lot of illness which has cut down my earnings," or "I don't earn a lot of money as a roadsweeper," but when a Cinderella is suddenly given a new dress (satin in the *Mail*, taffeta in the *Express*) it's up to any self-respecting reporter to make sure where it came from. The *Mirror* gave full credit to the Limehouse police—"rather a lot of fairy godfathers in blue uniforms." Mr. Abbott was the *News Chronicle* selection, in an oblique way; he was "buying her a special doll . . . or perhaps a party frock." The *Sketch* waited until the next day before making its decision, and then said that the dress and other gifts "came from generous readers of the *Daily Sketch*." But the worst division of opinion was between the *Express* and the *Mail*:

"And because there are few Fairy Queens round Limehouse way, where the tugs toot and the dockyards clatter,

the magic wand of the *Daily Express* went down to the East End to make her dreams come true."

Daily Express

"The dusk of Limehouse changed to the bright lights of Commercial Road. Mrs. Ann Leaman . . . left a party to open her shop so that the *Daily Mail* could buy her party clothes."—*Daily Mail*

No wonder the *Mirror* and the *News Chronicle*, shamed into reticence, dropped the story like a hot brick the next day.

However, it didn't matter then, because the thing was by that time taken out of the hands of the Press by the great-hearted British public. People rang up from Inverness, Clacton, and elsewhere, showering gifts. The *Mail* spoke of six hundred and twenty-seven well-wishers, the *Express* of "over a thousand" (this in addition, of course, to some six hundred who had learned of the affair exclusively through the pages of the *Sketch*). So no doubt Cinderella got to the ball all right after all—provided that the Rolls, or the

golden coach, or the kindly undertaker's limousine took her to the right address for it, variously reported as Kirby Street (*Mail*), Kereby Street (*Telegraph*) and Ricardo Street (*Express*).

"A THEORY ON DEATH"

The Editor, 'Daily Representative'

Sir,—I personally believe that when a person dies he goes to Jordan. Geographically Jordan is on earth.

When we dig a grave, say about ten feet deep, we shall find that we are near the water. Take for instance the borehole from which we get water.

We shall find that there is a thin layer of soil between the water and the coffin. The corpse is usually buried by the red-blanketed people whilst it is still warm.

When the thin layer of earth has been eroded by the water, the coffin sinks into the water. It is carried away into the sea and then eventually when it reaches Jordan the coffin breaks open and the person comes out alive into a new country.

I am, etc.,
EDWARD MDINGI.

Daily Representative, Queenstown
Surprise for sun-bathers.

The Past of Gobind Lal

By P. M. HUBBARD

SRI GOBIND LAL, Padma Vibhushan, Pahila Varg, was a power in the land even when the days of his official authority were over and he had long since retired. Congress Party Presidents, and Bengali film stars, and Governors of States, and all the great ones who rule the vast complexity that is Modern India were glad of his counsel. His word was quoted as decisive in Assembly lobbies, and bar rooms, and other places where the business of the Republic is transacted; and when the Ambassador of the Chinese People's Republic saw reason to think he had been slighted at a Presidential garden party it was Gobind Lal, the little smiling man in the plain

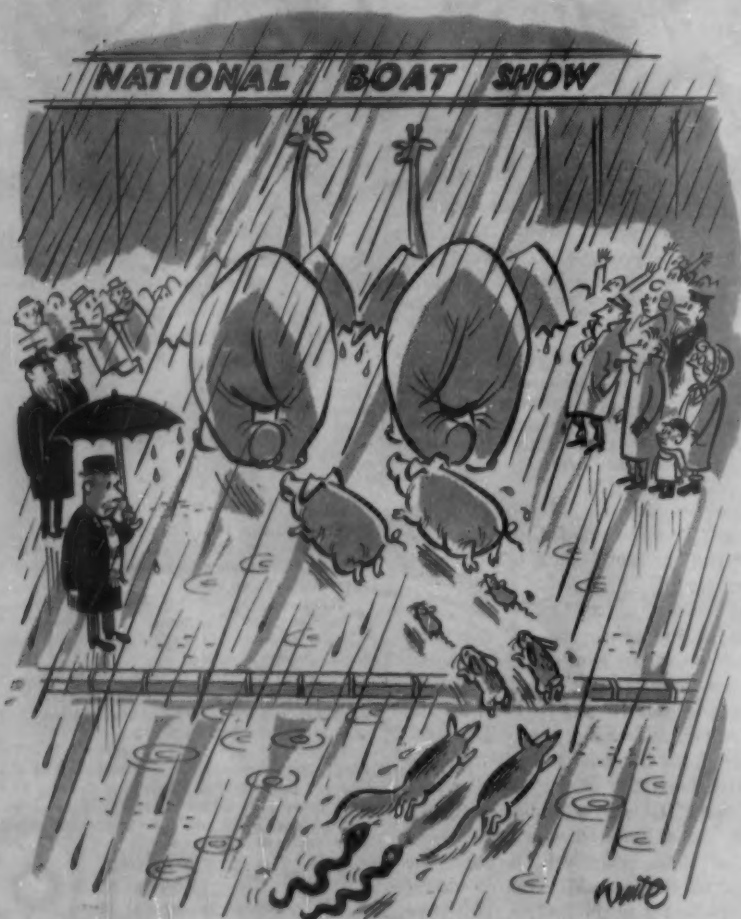
black *achhkan* and the big black limousine, who was told off to put the matter right. What he said to that important person no one but himself and the Ambassador knows. But lo, the great sister republics were on terms again, and the lives of millions of humble folk were preserved to them; and Gobind Lal went back, still smiling, to his bungalow on North Circular Road.

That there had been another, and an earlier, Gobind Lal it was convenient to forget, and was accordingly forgotten. The Republic counts among its servants many whose past history would not bear mention in the drawing-rooms of New Delhi, and does not suffer greatly thereby. Perhaps because I was a

foreigner and a press correspondent, and therefore a person of no importance, I knew more of this side of him than most. There were evenings in the rains, when the frogs chattered ceaselessly in the compound and the air-conditioning plant moaned in the back quarters of the great house, when Gobind Lal would tell me stories of a different India, an earlier and undemocratic and altogether deplorable India, when blind law was the only rule, and a man might die swiftly and painlessly at the word of an English judge.

For Sri Gobind Lal, the pillar of the Republic, the friend and counsellor of Presidents and Governors, had been an officer under the English in the days when power and office went hand in hand, and the *patwari* was master of the village. That was all many years before, and no doubt best forgotten. But even now there were evenings when Gobind Lal remembered his past; and then the smoke of the *chillum* would give way to the acrid reek of cigarettes, and he would drink the terrible English whisky, that is to Indian beer as the atom bomb is to high explosive: and the formal Hindi of his official self would slough off his tongue as a cobra casts her skin, and he would fall back into the high, neighing accents of the English university man. Then, too, he would put off the sleek *achhkan* and stand before me in the tweed plus-fours and check sports shirt of his unregenerate youth, and would tell me how, in the old days, he had bound over respected Congress presidents, long since retired with honour in their own states, to keep the peace and not take part in processions; and how later he had stood by, with one foot in the old world and one in the new, while the last English Viceroy had held his last reception, and the last British regiment had entrained for Bombay and its native fastnesses on Salisbury Plain, and the People's Peace had settled firmly and finally on the last Muslim villages around Amritsar.

So it was on one such evening, in that private room which, with its Balliol Second Torpid oar on the wall and its rows of D. H. Lawrence on the shelves, contrasted so strangely with the familiar scent of damp mangoes in the dusk outside, that Gobind Lal's past came back



to him and was turned to good account. And this is a story which, because it was not given to me to see or hear the whole affair, I can only tell in part. I remember that Gobind Lal had downed his third whisky and was embarking, in his long dormant Oxford voice, on the chorus of "On Ilkla Moor Baht 'At," when there was the purr of a powerful car in the compound, and a startled servant came running and breathed in his ear the name that was the most important name in India; and I was hustled through the doorway of a convenient *ghuskhana*, while Gobind hastily put on his *achhkan* over his plus-fours, so that I had no more than a glimpse of a famous profile and heard the soft-spoken Hindi greeting as the doors were shut upon me.

But presently, as a puff of hot wind stirred the *peepuls* outside, the doors fell ajar, as such doors will, and the voices came strongly again, talking urgently, but in the clipped formal speech of official intercourse.

"Aie, aie, brother Laloo," said the other voice, "what thinkest thou, can nothing be done? Tell me, my brother, for my heart is heavy within me. Thou hast seen. Thou hast heard. Thou knowest the ways of the *sahib log*. Is there no remedy, then, for *this*?" There was a rustle of paper as he shook it, and I knew what *this* was, for I had seen it in his hand as he entered. This was a foreign newspaper, and foreign newspapers, as everyone knows, are shameless and unholy things, not subject to the decent discipline of the great democratic presses.

"Nay, my father,"—this time it was Gobind Lal's voice—"it is but folly, like the foolish screaming of peacocks at dawn in the paddy-fields across the river. Consider it not. Thou knowest the proverb, the monkeys chatter, but the tiger moves on to the kill."

"Nay, but brother Laloo," said the other again; and then the *peepuls* stirred and the doors blew shut, and the words were lost, though I heard the tones of their voices as their talk went on.

A very long time the talk went on, and I think I must have dozed in the stuffy darkness of the *ghuskhana*, for suddenly I sat upright with a jerk and found the doors open and the voices loud again. But now the bland wisdom of Gobind Lal, which was not, heaven knows, the wisdom of the New India, but drew from an older source, had wrought on



the great man who had come to him for counsel, and the two talked, as old friends will, in the pungent language of their youth.

"Honestly, old boy," I heard Gobind Lal say, "I shouldn't give it another thought. Rotten bad form and all that, but you know what these journalist fellows are—anything for a laugh."

"Ah well, Gobind old man," said the other, "I suppose you're right. Makes one hopping mad, stuff like that—but there, it doesn't do to make a fuss."

"Lord, no," said Gobind Lal. "No one reads it anyway—didn't in my day, at least."

"Nor in mine. No, you're right of

course. Well, I must be getting on. G'bye, old man, and thanks a lot."

There was silence for a little, and suddenly I found Gobind Lal standing in the doorway, smiling and humming to himself the opening line of our song of earlier in the evening. "I've been asleep," I said, answering the question in the tune.

"It is well," he said. "Come and have a drink."

And that, although I do not really know what happened and cannot in any case say what I know, is how Gobind Lal out of the wisdom of his unregenerate past, saved the Commonwealth from losing the Republic of India.

I am Interviewed by a Sociologist

By WILFRED FIENBURGH

I AM a deprived citizen. In a lifetime of formulating opinions on everything, from non-intervention in 1937 to the ethics of deliberately spreading myxomatosis in 1954, I have never once been invited by a pollster to be either "yes," "no," or "don't know" on anything of importance. Once I was stopped outside Victoria Station by a man who asked me whether I preferred my marmalade to have many shreds or only a few shreds. As I was thinking about the economic consequences of capital appreciation at the time I missed my chance to determine something or other and ended weakly, negatively, as a "don't know." I have ever since regretted this indecision. I can now no longer feel superior to the "don't knows" of society.

When I asked my questioner who and what he was he stroked his beard, shrugged inside his duffel coat, teetered on his open-toed sandals and said, proudly, "I am reading sociology at the London School of Economics."



I was very impressed even though I have not even yet managed to link sociology with shredded marmalade. I meant to ask about this the other day when a sociologist came to interview me at the House of Commons, but I hardly had chance to ask anything except "Would you like a drink?"

"A large gin and tonic," he replied. This I regarded as an imposition when beer is cheaper and tea is cheaper still. My two pounds a day seasonal allowance was not voted to give gin and tonic to sociologists.

The sociologist told me that I was *déclassé*. I was about to resent him, when he explained that by *déclassé* he meant that I had moved from my working-class background and had imperceptibly merged into the lower middle classes. I did not know whether to resent this or not. I was about to explain that I was not *déclassé* enough to drink gin and tonic and retained enough working-class acumen to drink bitter beer because it was cheaper, when he went on to explain the reason for his visit.

He was, it appeared, writing a paper on "The Extended Family and the Pattern of Neighbourly Relationships in the Class Structure." My rôle was to explain to him how we got on with our neighbours when we were working class. I reminisced with gusto. I told him that one of my most important neighbours was a boy called Harry who could spit with dead-eye accuracy and could also kick hard with his iron-shod clogs. This was of little interest to him.

"Did the neighbours help each other in bad times?" he asked. I told him about the

neighbour who, in season, sold celery in the streets from a wicker basket he balanced on his head, and how we sometimes used to help wash his celery for him.

"And what about social occasions?" he asked. I remembered the best wedding we ever had in our street, when the widowed father of a girl we knew as Sally Dripping-Tin married a neighbour and got so drunk at the wedding reception in the Working Men's Club and Institute that we had to hide him in the coal shed from an angry bride who had chased him out of the house.

I also recollected how mothers would look after other people's children in illness, how during the general strike, when there was no coal and no money, all the neighbourhood children had been invited to the end house where they still had some coal. I told him of the many simple ways people helped each other, expecting no reward, feeling it to be nothing but good Yorkshire neighbourly duty. I contrasted it with the attitudes of middle-class suburbia.

He took pages of notes. Then he sent me the draft of a part of his thesis. "I had to cut it down a bit," he explained, "so I used only the more vivid examples you gave me."

Then followed his document. "The subject reported a great deal of aggressive and sometimes brutal conduct on the part of the neighbourhood children which was accompanied by spitting and by the use of clogs as weapons. (A footnote explained that clogs were wooden-soled, iron-shod footwear with leather uppers.) Children were expected, whether for payment or not was not made clear by the subject, to help wash the celery, the sale of which was a small local trade. Working-class weddings were the occasion for excessive drinking, and it was common for the husband, in a state of intoxication, to be denied the house by his bride."

For a day I tried to correct and rephrase the statement and to introduce some perspective. Then I gave up. I wrote a little note to the sociologist.

"In my judgment," I said, "sociologists should stick to marmalade."

I do not suppose he understood.

The Ec*n*m*st

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

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Registered as a Newspaper, Blue Book, White Paper, Monograph and House Organ of the L.S.E. and Carlton Club.

New Haul and Long Look

NATO's New Year prospects cannot be regarded as particularly rosy. On the other hand, there is no occasion for the hand-wringing which is going on in some Western European capitals. It has long been clear that NATO can only exist, and, what is more important, function properly, to the extent that its components are both united and provided with adequate armaments. As has been pointed out again and again in these columns, a disunited NATO cannot but be ineffectual, especially if, at the same time, it is unarmed, or at best meagrely armed. How do matters now stand in regard to these two essentials? Are the NATO Powers drawing closer together or splitting wider apart? Is their combined strength waxing or waning?

Such questions raise the whole issue of NATO's present and future rôle in what has come to be called, not altogether felicitously, the "Atlantic Community." No good purpose is served, at this stage, by evading the harsh realities of contemporary power politics. We have to-day to think boldly in terms of a frontier which may be the Elbe or the Rhine, or, for that matter, the Seine or the Thames. Only by so thinking is a truly realistic approach possible, whether in the Pentagon, the Palais Bourbon, Downing Street or the Kurfürstendamm.

It would be idle to pretend that the latest developments in the French Assembly have been other than unedifying. Warnings in this journal and elsewhere passed unheeded, and now M. Mendès-France finds himself in the unenviable position of having, at one and the same time, to ride the two horses of Western defence and Eastern appeasement. From the perhaps embarrassingly warm embraces of Mr. Dulles he falls into the chilly ones of General de Gaulle, only to cast a wistful eye in the direction of Moscow where Mr. Malenkov tenderly awaits him. While he was delivering his tenth and final peroration in the early hours of the morning a sepulchral voice was heard to remark: "*Vive la France.*" It was an apt comment.

The majority with which the Assembly ratified the German rearmament clause in the misnamed Paris Agreement (it was neither an agreement, nor did it relate to Paris any more than to Bonn or Luxembourg or a dozen other capitals) was, admittedly, narrow and curiously constituted. All the same, a majority of sorts was belatedly forthcoming, and M. Mendès-France can now breathe again, at any rate for a week or so. How, precisely, he will play his hand remains to be seen, but it is quite clear that the centre of gravity of his support in the Assembly, if not in the country, has moved a few points to the Right. If he is wise he will base his policy fairly and squarely on the sort of centrifugal concentration (*concentration centrifugale*) which was so strongly advocated in an article on this page some three months ago, and, more recently, in *Figaro* and other authoritative newspapers. In weighing the pros and cons of undertaking such a step he cannot but be influenced by the possibility of Ministerial changes in this country. Assuming that Sir Winston shortly makes way for Sir Anthony (and in this context "shortly" must be loosely interpreted) who is to succeed Sir Anthony at the Foreign Office? Various suggestions have at different times been canvassed, but one name, rarely mentioned, deserves particular consideration. If Sir William Lawther could be persuaded to forgo his well-earned retirement and undertake the arduous duties of Foreign Secretary, he might well prove another Ernest Bevin, and, by the application of sound principles and robust common sense, rebuild the tottering edifice of Western Union.

Those, who are inclined now to throw up their hands and proclaim that all is lost are performing an ill service to the cause they profess to have at heart. For all is not lost. The elements of recovery are still present, and it is the task of European statesmanship to weld them into one impregnable whole.

Carats or Styx

"I SEE no reason why, in the next quarter of a century, if we run our policy properly and soundly, we should not double our standard of living in this country." Nearly three months (or one per cent of a quarter-century) have passed since Mr. Butler startled Conservative colleagues at Blackpool with his dramatically-worded appeal, and in these three months the British economy has been scrutinized as never before for signs of the promised manna. Left, Right and Centre, the welfare-minded, the profit-minded and the consumption-minded, poke rapaciously into the national till, stake their claims to conjectural wealth, and dream up new ways of dissipating a projected national income of some £30,000 millions. If this exhibition of communal greed were not so ludicrous it would be pitiable.

What Mr. Butler said has been said over and over and over again in these pages, but the Chancellor has been gravely misunderstood and misrepresented. His optimism is conditional, qualified by "ifs" of paramount significance. He foresees improvement in the standard of living *if* the British people can be persuaded to return to the theory and practice of capitalism, *if* industry and agriculture are nourished by repeated injections of wealth-creating productive capital, *if* both sides of industry, workers and management, are prepared to abandon Luddite restrictions on expansion, and *if* the will to work can once more be governed by an effective system of incentives and sanctions. In other words, Mr. Butler was merely reminding the country that in a world of progress-by-capital Britain can achieve wealth only by adopting the materialist conventions of capitalism as it is understood (and there is patent paradox in this juxtaposition) in the United States and Soviet Russia. *The Economist* makes no apology for restating its own and Mr. Butler's case.

Can the standard of living be doubled by building houses? Can we safeguard the future by raising pensions? Can we prosper by neglecting our roads and railways? Can industry grow fat on a diet of skimmed reserves and whacking dividends? If the answers to these questions are neither immediately apparent nor entirely satisfactory the blame should be laid only partially on the politicians. For the politicians are servants of public opinion, and the British public is still blind to its own long-term needs. Conservative or Socialist, owner or operative, the typical inhabitant of these islands is crass enough to believe that he can eat his cake and have it.

Let it be admitted that both political parties have tried in their different ways to promote investment in productive undertakings. And let it be admitted that by and large and on balance the Conservatives have tried rather harder than the

Labour Party. But the Tory notion of investment to-day is to direct new capital into channels of "social betterment" and leave industry to manage on the overflow. They build a multitude of houses and are appropriately proud of the achievement. But will new houses—and no one doubts that they are needed—win back our trade in cotton goods, increase our trade in ships, pottery, machinery, vehicles, electrical equipment, plastics? Are houses—however desirable they may be socially—as important to the national economy as good roads and efficient railways? The answers have been given more than once in these columns.

And the Socialists? How sincere are they when they condemn inflated dividends? Their Daltonian record suggests that they object to profit because it is profit and not because a too-generous distribution of profits may deny specific industrial units of new producers' capital.

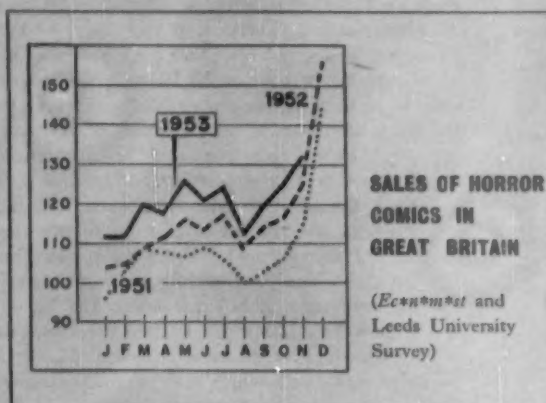
The Labour Party still believes that the standard of living can be improved only by some magical scheme of redistribution, by soaking the rich and sharing out the proceeds among the poorer, or less well-to-do, members of the community. It is a hopeless creed.

Is there then any hope? Was Mr. Butler serious when he proclaimed that the standard of living could be doubled by 1980? The answer is yes. There is nothing mystical about his figures: the benefits that would surely flow from wise husbandry and systematic productive investment are calcu-

lable, readily predictable. All that is needed is a change of heart in the body politic.

To argue thus is not simply an appeal to Socialists to become Conservative. That would be both idiotic and unnecessary. Nor is it necessary for the Tories to shed their Socialism, their borrowed Welfare State plumage. There is nothing fundamentally wrong with the socio-economic structure of this country. Only the will to work for the final abolition of want and squalor is lacking, the common will of the people and their governors. But clearly this missing ingredient in the success story of Britain will never be discovered and applied by sitting back and indulging in pious hope. The will to work, to save, to invest in productivity is a by-product of industrial mores which are themselves a manifestation of Britain's economic climate. In further articles this economic climate will be analyzed and an attempt will be made to outline a blueprint for the regeneration of British industry and commerce.

(The series of twelve articles printed recently under the title "Policy for Prosperity" has now been issued in pamphlet form and can be obtained, price one shilling, from *The Economist*. One hundred for £5. One thousand for £50.)



Notes of the Week

NOTES OF THE WEEK is prepared partly in Britain and partly from hearsay. Those items which carry conviction are the work of the editorial staff in London; all others may be considered on their merits.

Ask Your Daddery

IT becomes clearer every week that Labour intends to fight the next general election with another appeal for "social" equality. But the floating vote will not of course be neglected. There will be demands for controls, for a limitation of dividends, for a new (election-only) burst of nationalization, and for a steeper angle to progressive taxation. Mr. Gaitskell now plays the lone ranger in the badlands of Socialist theory. He rides not only against the Bevanite outlaws and the back-bench cattle-thieves but against the sheriff's posse led by Mr. Morrison (ghosting for a preoccupied Mr. Attlee). Mr. Gaitskell is no crank: in fact he is probably nearer to Mr. Butler and *The Economist* in economic thought than the majority of Mr. Butler's Tory henchmen, but the former Labour Chancellor has to announce a tongue-in-cheek policy of doctrinaire attrition in order to retain his seat in the Labour shadow cabinet. He would be happier, no doubt, in the less muddled waters of the Foreign Office, and rumour has it that he is already wading boldly in that direction.

Meanwhile Gaitskellian orthodoxy is mocked by the heretics on the touchline, Sir Richard Acland, Mr. Fienburgh, Mr. Bevan, Mr. Michael Foot, Mr. Mikardo and even Mr. Strachey. As we go to press the Labour split seems to be developing a pattern as complicated as that displayed on the Chinese "crackle" wares of Sung Kuan.

★

Seneschal from Wisconsin

THE split between President Eisenhower and his party leader in the Senate, Mr. Knowland, is of course a minor triumph for Senator McCarthy. The Senator from Wisconsin has lost a rabble and recruited an army, for Mr. Knowland's influence (see *The Economist* regularly) is important and widespread. Yet it would be wrong to exaggerate unduly the significance of the Senate leader's attack on the Eisenhower line in China. Because he sees the shadow of Munich falling across Asia it does not mean that he is prepared to toe the line with all the Republican splinter groups—the "Helen Hokinson" gaggle of socialite ladies of the counter-revolution, the Middle-West isolation-because-we-like-it brigade, the *Chicago Tribune* fanatics, the "I Like Kikes" faction in New York and the Pearl Harbour "League of Retired Admirals."

On the other hand it does mean that Senator Knowland is prepared to risk a split in the Republican party. Mr. McCarthy, bruised and battered, can afford to grin, and the President at last begins to look like a President.

★

Ohms for the People

Higher productivity means more elbow-grease and more power to the elbow, more energy, manual and mechanical, more installed horsepower. To state the obvious is to pose the question "Will there be enough fuel?" Next week *The Economist* will print the first results of its inquiry into the problem of supply in Britain's fuel and power services. In attempting to erect a framework upon which such speculations can be hung we would remind readers that no accuracy of fact or theory can be guaranteed. One man's guess is almost as good as another's. "Ohms for the People" will be a cautionary tale, a tale of two sittings (we shall take two bites at the problem), a tail which we hope will wag the dogged denizens of the Coal Board.



Herblock in the *Washington Post*

★

Cads and "Caddies"

SINCE 1939 the import of American cars has been prohibited, and the more affluent of our entertainers (professional and otherwise) have had to make do with custom-built Daimlers, Jaguars and so on. Now, however, a small annual quota of some 650 American automobiles will be admitted and Mayfair, we may be sure, will compete feverishly for these outward and visible signs of prosperity and stardom.

The imports will be liable to import duty and P.T. of 50 per cent on list-price plus duty and will therefore sell at about three times their American price.

American cars carry more chromium, colour and gadgets than British-made cars. According to a recent "Schnupke Survey" they are preferred to all other cars by eight Australian housewives out of every ten, by 4.2 out of every ten Finnish doctors, and 2 out of every ten Anatolian goat-herds. Although American cars suffer from the disadvantage of having the steering wheel on the left of the front seat British scoffers would do well to remember that it is the transatlantic custom to drive on the right of the road.

Statistics

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Patent Pending.

THE MONEY MARKET

CREDIT was generally choppy in Lombard Street during the week covered by the Bank return. Aid from the authorities was forthcoming in middling quantity and this resulted in some forced selling and an equivalent amount of buying of spring maturities. At $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent the prevailing price may have been anything up to $\frac{1}{2}$ above the prevailing rate, if any.

The price of gold in London was upgraded, following a slight but renewed weakening in sterling. Rumours of a change in Bank Rate depressed the market, but this was effectively countered by the appearance on 'change of the Government broker. Score at half-time: Bulls 1, Bears 2.

LONDON MONEY RATES

Deposit Rates		% (Big Five).... 15 m.p.h.	
Simonsen's, Old			
Broad Street. Any-			
thing from a Fiver			
to a Thou. Without			
security.....	50	Building Soc's..	2½-2½
Mars and Engels, off			
Oxford Circus.			
"No-one Turned			
Away".....	50	Bank Rate.....	3½
Rate of Circulation..	2x		
	y		

FLOATING DEBT (£ million)

Date	Bills		Ways and Means		Total
	Tender	Amount	Ways	Means	
Dec. 23...	Coal.....	8 6 0	E.N.E.	—	3,000.2
" 24...	Inland Rev.....	116 0 0	S.E.	—	4,000.7
" 25...	Inland Rev.....	116 0 0	N.N.W.	—	5,312.0
" 29...	"Suntan" 3 o'clock.	10 0 0	S.W.	—	6,601.3
" 30...	Household.....	10 0 0	E.S.E.	—	2,201.1
" 31...	Inland Rev.....	116 0 0	W.N.W.	—	8,011.9
Jan. 1...	Beer Money.....	10 0	N.	—	3,001.7
" 2...	Licences.....	52 16 0	W.	—	5,016.7
" 3...	Bills, Grocer.....	18 5 11	N.E.	—	4,663.5
" 4...	Bills, News'r.....	42 3 0	S.	—	3,116.2

No. 5	Charing Cross	Waterloo	Canon Street	Holborn Viaduct	Blackfriars	London Bridge	New Cross	St. John's	Elephant & Castle	Pecham Rye	Lewisham	Blackheath	Kidbrooke	Eltham (Wol Hall)	Eltham Park	Falconwood
511	513	535	535	535	535	535	535	535	535	535	535	535	535	535	535	535
6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4	6 4
728 734	730 736	732 738	734 740	736 742	738 744	740 746	742 748	744 750	746 752	748 754	750 756	752 758	754 760	756 762	758 764	760 766
830	832	834	836	838	840	842	844	846	848	850	852	854	856	858	860	862

ECONOMIST SENSITIVE INDICES

WHOLESALE

Commodity	Weight	Airspeed	%	Yield	High	Low	(a) Expressed as percentage of (f)
Flour.....	lb.	—	52	Fair	31	41	61
Fustian.....	oz.	—	43	Good	8	9	73
Borax.....	drms.	6	17	2½"	117	159	32
Melanesian Mission.....	3 cran.	4	18	Better	61	93	27
1181003.....	—	1 cm.	—	H12½	27	30	99.5
Anthrax.....	2	1	—	—	—	—	—
Calico.....	3 lb.	—	41	18	2	1	29
Swedes.....	Rod	Pole	Perch	—	—	—	17.38

RETAIL

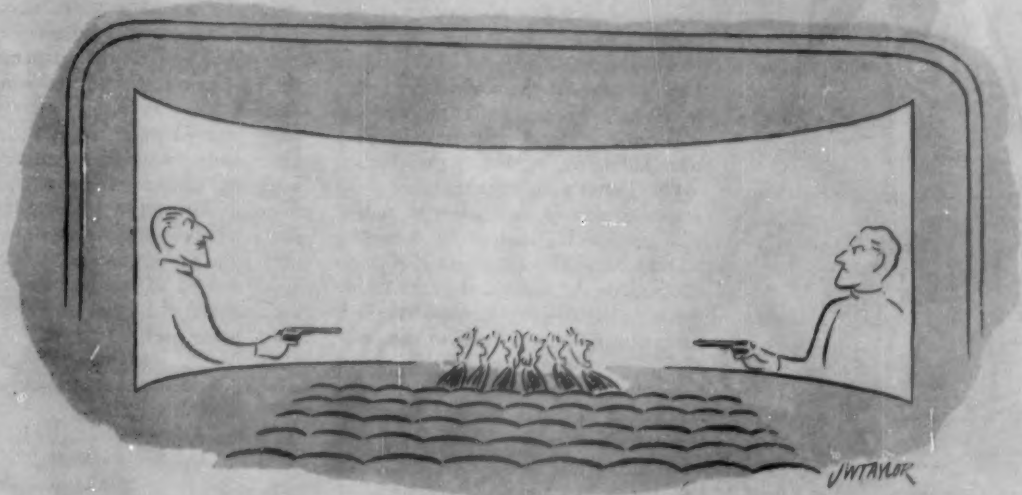
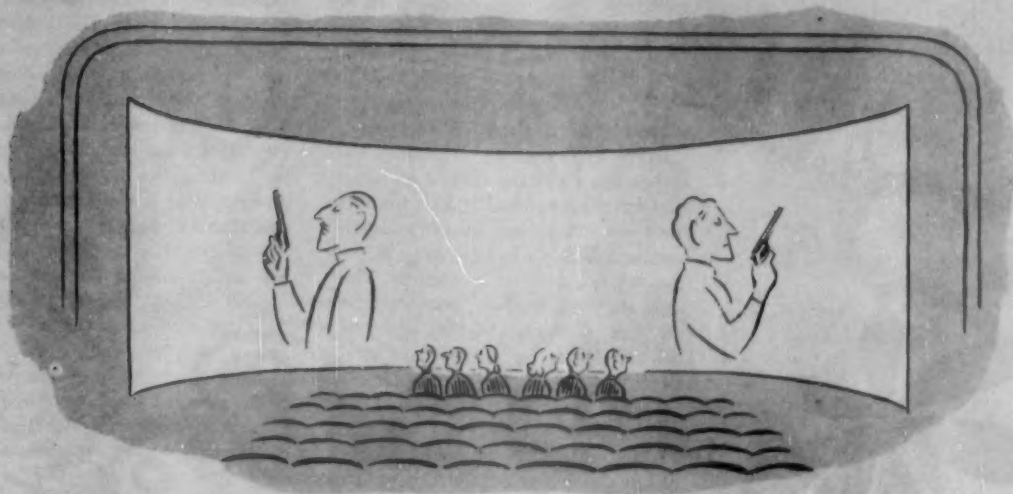
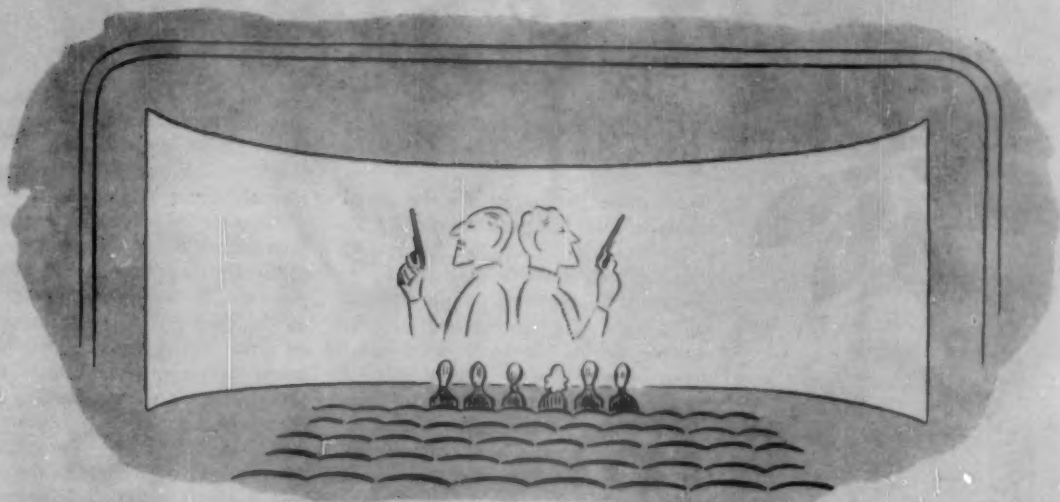
Commodity	Overs	Balls	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Miller.....	6	36	2	17	1	17.0
Lindwall.....	5	30	1	5	2	2.5
Benaud.....	14	84	3	54	—	—
Grimmett.....	18	108	9	30	2	15.0
Archer.....	10	60	5	61	—	—
Johnson.....	8	48	2	24	4	6.0
Spofforth.....	1	5	—	1	1	1.0

Jones T. Angurin, 32 Friars av N.20..	ENTprse	5005	Jones T. L. J., 27 Victoria rd E.4.....	SILvrthn	3967
Jones Mrs. Tannatt.....			Jones Rev. T. Llewelyn, 70 Lyford rd S.W.18.....	BATtersa	6200
43 Heybridge av S.W.16.....	POLLards	3782	Jones T. Norman, 55 Hillaide gdns.....	EDGware	0549
Jones T. A. S. Furrier.....	WANstead	5696	Jones T. O. 62 Cedar drive.....	HATchend	81
22 Lyespring rd E.11.....			Jones T. O. Bldr, Decrrt, 50 Grosvenor rd.....	ILFord	0655
Jones T. Barry.....	KENangtn	3509	Jones Mrs. T. O. Haselwood, 14 Montague rd.....	RIChmond	5862
74 Princes ct Brompton rd S.W.3.....			Jones Tom, 29 Glyth rd E.17.....	LEYnstrn	1722
Jones T. Bernard.....	MIL Hill	3338	Jones Tom, 123 Preston rd Wembley.....	ARNold	1882
31 Langley park N.W.7.....			Jones Tom, Willow fm Moor lane.....	Staines	987
Jones T. B. Ltd, Hosiery Mchts, 11 Gees ct W.1.....	MAYfair	6728	Jones Tom, 19 Willow walk N.21.....	LABurnum	5272
Jones T. Brontant.....	SPedoeell	1855	Jones Tom S, 5 Steyning wy Woodside pk N.12.....	HILLside	4312
4 West Heath av N.W.11.....			Jones Tom S, White Gates Heronsgte Watfd..	Chorley Wd	321
Jones T. C. 48 Linden av Ruislip Man., Ruislip 3261					
Jones T. C. 57 Southbury av.....	ENField	3784			
Jones Mrs. T. C. 43 Vineyard Hill rd S.W.19.....	WIMBldon	2736			

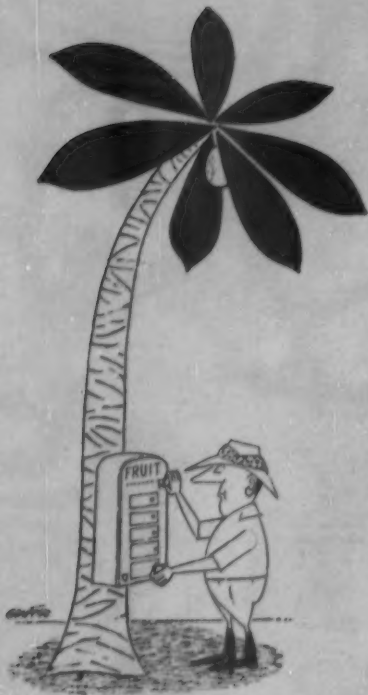
New York Closing Hours

Nick's Bar.....	2.00	3.00	Inter Paper.....	2LO	21m.
Balt. & Ohio.....	26½	27	Shell.....	216	612
Can. Pac.....	2x	2(x)	Westinghouse.....	2½d.	3½d.
N.Y. Cent.....	P-K4	R-Q3	Woolworth.....	3d.	6d.
Pennsyl.....	KH.P.1.	KH.P.2	Inter Nickel.....	3-0	4-0
Amer. Tel.....	Br-Br	Br-Br	Joe's Place.....	2.00	3.00
Stand. Gas.....	NH3	H2O	Milly's.....	All	nite
United Corp.....	27 not	lbw	Alec's.....	Mon.	thro' Fri.
W. Union Tel.....	Br-Br	Br-Br	Algonquin.....	—	—

Corrections—The figures in the chart on page 927 of *The Economist* were in million bushels, and not, as stated, in fluid ounces. The portrait of Sir Winston Churchill (discussed on page 831) was painted by Mr. Graham Sutherland and not, as stated, by the Duke of Sutherland. On page 978 of the same issue the line "Most Non-sterling OEEC countries..." should read "By and large, it is probably true to say..."



Portrait of Bill Sikes



EVERY calling had its post-war problems, but followers of the profession of burglary were confused more than most by the social changes, and before they could take property off its owners burglars had to discover who still owned what. From the available evidence it appears that while gangs who concentrated on vans stuffed with cigarettes or bank-notes drove merrily away with five- or six-figure hauls, the more direct descendants of the burglar of tradition (dark lantern, striped jersey, mask, and chin shaved last week) landed themselves with stiff sentences in pursuit of gains that, relatively, could only be called risible. But as these individualists form, as it were, the hard core of the profession it is from notes of their activities that it is possible to draw some picture of the burglar in the world of to-day.

In relatively modern times there have always been certain classes of society who have been "bad risks" from the point of view of insuring against burglary. The diplomatic corps are, for instance, notoriously easy victims. Their wives have to appear continually at functions, wrapped in furs and hung with all their sparklers, so if the burglars clean them out they have no choice but to replace their loss, and hope that the next visit will not take place before they have been transferred. During the last war an Allied military attaché became so inured to these *visiteurs du soir* that he ceased to try to keep them out altogether, and only locked the inside doors of his flat in the hope of slowing them down. It was, however, a few years after the war that it became apparent that some burglars were failing to look before they looted.

One winter's night the fur coats of the guests at a party were taken by a thief who got into the hostess's bedroom by a ladder. The distinguished connections of the hosts and guests made the story front-page news. A small paragraph describing how, in the same district, another robber had stolen one—and only one—fur coat from the wife of a publican probably passed unnoticed. When the first robber was arrested, and when the cold figures of the valuers were laid before the court, it became clear

that the second robber had picked a coat whose value was greater than the combined values of the coats stolen from the much publicized party.

Almost everyone can be caught off their guard at some moment, and the moments that burglars know about point to a sound knowledge of elementary psychology. A little reflection will show that it is far better to scoop up such family jewels as have been left lying about after the strain of a Royal visit, than to aim for more diamonds when the house party is in progress and detectives are prowling. As the relaxed host and hostess and their dogs watch the television they are probably long past caring if the tiara is back in the safe or not. When the programme ends it is no longer even on the dressing-table. Burglars dearly love lords, but are not prejudiced against commoners, so in the meantime a less romantic operator will be tackling the home of a company director, who, if the burglar's luck is in, will with his dogs also be glued to the television. Of course none of the dogs will make a sound. To reverse a famous remark of the Master's, if a dog nowadays did anything in the night it would indeed be a curious incident.

These then are the Thieves in the Night who work to a careful plan, but the information on which that plan is based and which appears to come mostly from the daily papers, how is that sifted? Someone somewhere must decide at whom to strike next. The caprice of some of these decisions casts a revealing light on the temperament of the burglar. Little surprise can be felt when a house is burgled after a much photographed party, or if actresses of impeccable private lives are robbed in company with actresses of no private lives at all; and a bitter pill among the sweets of office is that a burglary may go with even a minor Government appointment. These may be called the occupational risks that attend giving a party, going on the stage or joining the Government. A more artistic note was struck when the subject of a triple portrait, which created a sensation at the Royal Academy, was robbed while attending the Private View.

It must have been a real art lover



who planned this coup, and it is pleasant to think of him assuming an air of superiority over his confederates to whom the first Friday in May had no significance. On the other hand there was a lack of originality in robbing a duchess on the eve of the Coronation, when the same duchess had been burgled only a year or two before. To the various qualities that can be deduced from these pieces of evidence or the other trait must be added—sentimental remorse. Not by any means on all occasions does it compel burglars to return part of their spoils, but a sudden impulse may send a hardened thief to join the queue at the parcels counter of the busiest local post office. While a well-known cookery expert was struggling with the sordid after-effects of a burglary he was startled by the postman re-delivering a parcel containing the dinner-jacket he had just bought, second-hand by post, and which had been stolen before he had even unpacked it. The best classical instance, however, occurred quite recently, when a victim was first made aware of a burglary in his home by the return of his gold watch in a registered parcel. Inside the watch was an inscription which showed that it was a twenty-first birthday present from his mother.

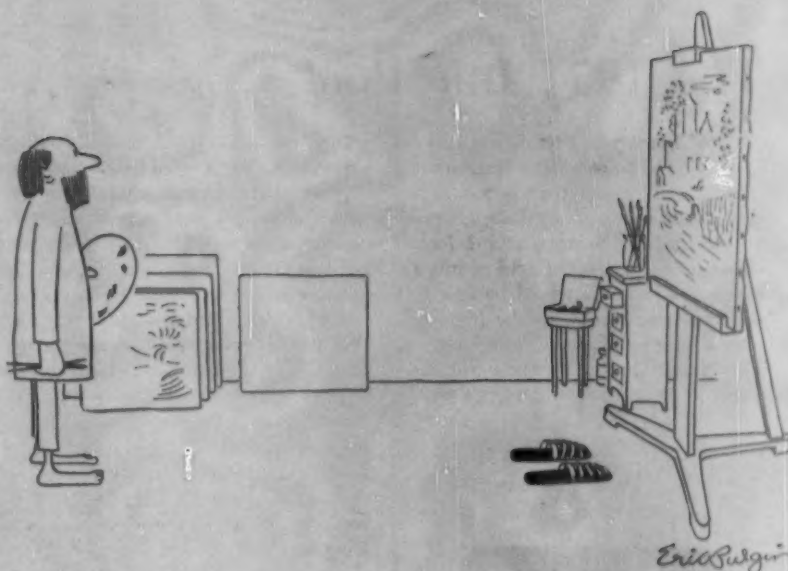
Here is the last touch to the picture of the common or domestic burglar. It adds up to this. He is a keen student of the gossip columns and likes to mingle unobtrusively with those who are mentioned in them. He has by some means reached a physical state in which dogs can neither hear nor smell him. He has a rather conservative interest in the arts. He is conservative also in his liking for repeating his effects, and for calling at houses where he has called before. He is a student of human behaviour and an authority on who has "late dinner" as opposed to "high tea." And from the evidence of the returned gold watch it is likely that, if he is his own worst enemy, his mother is his best friend.

V. G. P.

"Another page from the memory book of post-war fixtures linking these clubs spotlights January 7, 1950, and pictures a slimy-built young fellow walking across the pitch to the tunnel at Maine Road—the unhappiest footballer in Britain."

Manchester Evening News

That was a wet year too.



Arrogance Repressed

After the Lecture

WHEN I saw the grapefruit drying, cherries in each centre lying

And a dozen guests expected at the table's polished oak
Then I knew, my lecture finished, I'd be feeling quite diminished

Talking on, but unprotected, so that all my spirits broke.

"Have you read the last Charles Morgan?" "Are you writing for the organ

Which is published as a vital adjunct to our cultural groups?"

"This year some of us are learning all *The Lady's Not for Burning*

For a poetry recital we are giving to the troop."

"Mr. Betjeman I grovel before critics of the novel,

Tell me, if I don't offend you, have you written one yourself?

You haven't? Then the one I wrote is (not that I expect a notice)

Something I would like to send you, just for keeping on your shelf."

"Betjeman, I bet your racket brings you in a pretty packet
Raising the old lecture curtain, writing titbits here and there.

But, by Jove, your hair is thinner, since you came to us in Pinner,

And you're fatter now, I'm certain. What you need is country air."

This and that way conversation, till I turn in desperation

To a kind face (can I doubt it?), mercifully mute so far.

"Oh!" it says, "I missed the lecture, wasn't it on architecture?
Do please tell me all about it, what you do and who you are."

JOHN BETJEMAN

The 1954 Ink Pool

By R. A. KNOX

MY new year's resolution for 1954 was to conduct a demographic survey, in the fashion of our age. Mass-observation, though, can be an exhausting business, and I looked about for some limited field of investigation. Perhaps it would be best if I collected statistics about the frequency with which public men write letters to *The Times*. Then, at the end of the year, I should be able to write a letter to *The*

Times about it myself, and it would be sure to get in; it would show keenness. Alternatively, I could study form for a year, and then float a pool about the contributors in 1955, with a fair chance of winning. I found, meanwhile, that these researches lent quite an interest—what I mean to say is that they lent an added interest to opening one's newspaper of a morning. I am sorry to report that the 1954 results were very

disappointing. There was a lot of in-and-out running, and the totals were meagre. But I shall have to put it all down; statistics are never valueless.

Certain questions had to be decided at the outset. What was to be done about Widdicombe Fair letters? I mean the sort of letters which appear when some major outrage, like a Matisse leaving the country, has stirred the Athenæum to its depths. (You picture the members waking one another up and saying "Sign, please.") Reluctantly, I decided to leave these out of the count: you can never really be sure who was the ring-leader in such affairs, though it is fun guessing. Again, I ruled out letters written in an official capacity, through lack of a paid publicity officer; those of Sir Stanley Unwin, for example, when somebody was being unkind to the publishers. The picture I had in my mind was that of a public character rising from breakfast with the light of battle in his eyes, and saying "Don't disturb me this morning, Amabel; I shall be busy."

Even January brought disillusionment. Mr. Edward Iwi, for example, made no appearance till the first of February. But there was a fair list of probables: Lord Vansittart and Lord Elibank represented the upper house, Sir Robert Boothby and Mr. Stokes the lower; Mr. Morrah the humanities, Mr. Balogh the universities; Miss Edith Picton-Turbervill had contributed and Mrs. White actually twice. It might be that the engine needed warming up; a process which February and March did nothing to foster. New-comers in February included Sir Alan Herbert (twice), Lord Beveridge, Lord Winster, and Sir Gerald Kelly; March brought two Commanders into the field (Bower and King-Hall) as well as Mr. Guilancz. Sir Robert Boothby, who had scored a second time in March, went ahead in April with three letters to his credit; but his lead was not a comfortable one, Lord Vansittart, Sir Gerald Kelly and Commander King-Hall having realized a second time in the same month. A blanket covered the lot.

It was in May that business really became brisk. You felt that it needed a B.B.C. running commentary, of the type which has so endeared itself to the



"Don't mind me, Miss, I'm a married man."

inhabitants of our island. "There's Herbert coming up—I told you he could do it; level now, level with Boothby . . . and now he's ahead. Hullo, who's this? Somebody else coming up; by Jove, it's Stokes . . . one, two, three; there's Stokes neck and neck with Herbert, and Boothby left behind . . . Taking you over now to the House of Lords; Winster's showing form, but he's a lot of ground to make up; ah, here's Vansittart, coming up with a good, easy motion; Vansittart three, but he's still got Stokes and Herbert to reckon with."

Those were breathless days; only two new candidates came into the running, Mr. Graham Greene and Sir Geoffrey Peto. At the moment they looked serious candidates, Mr. Greene increasing his score to three in the course of June, and Sir Geoffrey by the end of July, but they were not stayers. In June Sir Alan Herbert scored his fifth, taking the lead for the first half-year. The figures were now as follows:

Sir Alan Herbert	5
Mr. Stokes	4
Lord Vansittart, Sir Robert Boothby, and Mr. Greene	3

No new candidate for honours came forward during the second half of the year.

Lord Vansittart and Sir Robert were not owning themselves beaten. Both, in the course of July, drew level with Mr. Stokes; and meanwhile I began to fancy Mr. Dermot Morrah, who had not so far challenged the attention of the ring. He put in an unobtrusive couple in July, and early in the next month he was neck and neck with the favourite, Sir Alan Herbert. The field had now begun to take notice of him; Lord Vansittart countered with a fresh letter on August 24, and on the 31st, extending himself again, drew ahead. There was a sharp reaction to this in September; Sir Robert Boothby and Mr. Stokes both reached five; so did Commander King-Hall, who had been running well during August. With only a quarter of the year to go, it was anybody's race; Lord Vansittart had only a lead of one over four rivals, who had all (except Sir Robert Boothby) shown themselves capable of a spurt.

It was Mr. Morrah who seemed to be making the running; but a letter from him on October 23 was countered on the 29th by Lord Vansittart, whose



score now stood at seven. Sir Alan had reached this by the end of November, and Sir Robert early in the following month; but meanwhile a fresh contribution from Lord Vansittart on November 23 put him on velvet. It had been found necessary to assign December 11 as the last date for receiving contributions, and he came in a popular winner, the total score being as follows:

Lord Vansittart	8
Sir Robert Boothby, Sir Alan Herbert	7

Mr. Morrah	6
Mr. Stokes, Commander King-Hall	5

All honour to those whose names are chronicled above; but what of the also-rans? In the whole course of 1954, to the best of my belief, Mr. Fenner Brockway, Lord Hailsham, Lord Hinchinbrooke and Miss Margery Perham (to name no others) have been content to strike one blow for freedom apiece. Is another of our national sports to die of inanition? I have a good mind to write to *The Times* about it.

Adjacent House

TO LET furnished winter months, good modernized House, wild country, mild climate. Some work available for librarian or carpenter-decorator adjacent house. Advertisement in "The Times"

HERE in the winter rains
Plaster crumbles away.
Distempered walls display
Anthropomorphic stains.
Nobody does the drains.
On three sides of the four
Nothing shows but the moor.
Windows of cracked panes
Look over the wild country.

Gaps gape in the stair.
Steps slope on the splay.
Sweet scents of decay
Mix in the mild air.
Nobody seems to care
That half-way along the hall
There is a missing wall
Which no one comes to repair
Because of the wild country.

And in the library
Chaos leaves check by check
Proust and Plato in Greek
(Both beginning with P).
Lost in obscurity
There are excitements here,
Caxton and Elzivir,
Nobody thinks to see
In such a wild country.

You who are bright and dry,
Come from the house next door,
Crossing the wild moor
Under the mild sky,
Bringing in full supply
Card-index and Keene's cement,
Dewey, putty and paint,
To earn your living by
Up here in the wild country.

F. M. H.



the well.



OVERTURE AND BEGINNERS

FINANCE is all the rage these days. Shrewd readers are beginning to realize that the value of money is inconstant, that for some hundreds of years—ever since Henry VIII took time off to debase currency—the purchasing power of the pound has been falling (or rising switch-back fashion only to obtain sufficient momentum for a more sickening descent into the abyss). In other words, readers are becoming aware of the ugly fact that inflation is more than a headline scare, that it is a continuing burden, a permanent drain on the resources of people who keep body and soul together by working for wages, salaries and fees, and by saving for rainy days. Inflation persists, and *will* persist, because it suits the book of borrowers and because the biggest, most powerful borrower is the Government. The Chancellor (any Chancellor) can borrow now in the certain knowledge that he or his successors can repay at some future date in depreciated currency and show a handsome profit on the transaction. Obvious? Of course. But the investor, particularly the small investor, should never allow himself to forget it. Now read on.

A reader in Cleckheaton writes: "I am as patriotic as the next man, but I should esteem it a favour if you could advise me how to hedge against inflation. My grandfather lived comfortably for forty years on the proceeds of good old Consols and bequeathed them to me with a warning against sloth and indulgence. Unhappily, the investment now brings in only enough to pay for the services of a part-time female gardener, and I feel that in some way and unwittingly I have betrayed the trust of my ancestors. What do you suggest?"

Well, you there in Cleckheaton, all I can do is sympathize. Your case is common enough, and there is nothing to be done about it *unless you are prepared to take risks*. I mean, had you approached me a year ago, and had I known then that the market was about to leap into splendid activity, I could have given you the green light on certain stores and industrial equities and

doubled your capital for you. But at the moment the outlook is distinctly topky, as they say, and to drop your gilt-edged for risk-bearing ordinaries might well lose you the services of your part-time gardener (female). Later, perhaps, when the Chancellor's Budget intentions are clearer, when we know which strikes will and won't materialize, what Russia, South Africa, Messrs. Schweitzer, Hutton (Len), Harrod (Roy) and Mendès-France have said or are about to say, when we know the dates of the General Election . . . later, perhaps, I shall be able to offer really useful advice. You must be ready, phone in hand, to switch immediately from Consols to oil, gold, radio, treacle or phosphates, and you must be ready, a minute or two later, to switch back to Consols. We'll hedge along together, eh?

Clever modern men have devised systems of investment that are supposed to eliminate some if not all of the risks involved in share punting. Other clever though impecunious men advise ordinary mortals how to win fortunes from football pools. The Dow Theory and the Hatch System are investment schemes in which the old-fashioned hunch is kept firmly under control: the investor enters and leaves the market automatically, when the statistics order him to do so. If he wins he gives thanks to Hargreaves Parkinson: if he loses he readjusts the mechanics of his operations, revises his indices, exits and entrances, and tries again. Investment without tears, perhaps, but, oh, so soulless!

Give me the man ready to back his hunch, the man who buys Nottingham Marl 3 per cent Prefs. because he *feels* that the aspidistra (and flower pot) is bound to make a come-back,

who dabbles in maize futures because deep down he *knows* that the British can be made popcorn-minded.

"Can you recommend a share for steady appreciation within the next few months?" (L.T.B., Luton)

No.

"I am not a man of means, but I have a few pounds to play with. Would you advise a purchase of — 5s. Ordinary shares?" (Hendrik Thoroughgood, South Shields)

You must not think too badly of me for avoiding a clear-cut answer to your poser. I do not recommend Stock Exchange sorties of any kind until a man can legitimately claim to be a man of means—almost in the Galsworthian sense of the term. If you have bought your house, educated your children, covered yourself from head to foot in insurance, and still have, say, a dozen or so thousand to fool about with, you may well be in a position to dabble to your heart's content. If not, the perils of private investment should be avoided. You would do better to stick those few pounds into the Post Office, some building society or unit trust, so as to have someone else to blame when your portfolio comes apart at the seams.

But more on the same subject next week.

MAMMON



"Can't you recommend a nice secure equity standing at about nine and elevenpence ha'penny per share?"



BOOKING OFFICE

Quennell's Symbolists

Baudelaire and the Symbolists. Peter Quennell. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 18/-

THIS book first appeared twenty-five years ago and has long been out of print. In the introduction the author allows himself to smile at some of his own youthful mannerisms; and certainly there are to be found here passages that perhaps recall a rather different mood—both by their high seriousness and their elaboration of sensibility—to the one most of us find ourselves enjoying by this time. There is also a rather charming touch of self-congratulation at having read *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu*. Proust had not yet become a household word. It was still in those days a Guermantes-less society.

All the same, it would not be easy to mention offhand any young man of twenty-three or twenty-four who might produce a comparable volume at the present moment. That seems undeniable. Thirty is the youngest age any writer now seems to claim. Even among that contemporary generation there seems little tendency to produce books in any quantity.

Since Mr. Peter Quennell's work was originally published the Symbolists have been worked over pretty thoroughly. Baudelaire (1821-1867), especially, has been steadily transposed from his position of high priest of Satanism to that of the great moralist of his age. Mr. Quennell's pages are a suitable corrective to rather reckless commentary of that sort. It may be true that Kierkegaard is best thought of in terms of Baudelaire; but it does make life very difficult if Baudelaire is always to be thought of in terms of Kierkegaard. Anyway, for those to whom *Fleurs du Mal*, Jeanne Duval and the occasional pipe of opium make a more convincing background, there are the properties here most generally explored. We are not presented with a great nineteenth-century saint but rather the tragedian of:

"Les soirs illuminés par l'ardeur du charbon,
Et les soirs au balcon, voilés de vapeurs roses."

In addition, Mr. Quennell deals with Gérard de Nerval (1808-1855), Villiers de l'Isle-Adam (1840-1889), Jules Laforgue (1860-1887), Tristan Corbière (1845-1875), Arthur Rimbaud, (1854-1891), and Stephen Mallarmé (1842-1898). These men are the real beginning of "the modern movement" in French poetry. The Surrealists found their roots here, as did also Apollinaire



and Claudel. Mr. T. S. Eliot and his school have been greatly influenced by the Symbolists, notably by Laforgue. These poets provide the first poetic revolt against modern life as such. A great deal of what they had to say may seem rather over-familiar now, but that is because so much of their material has already passed into what has become an almost generally accepted poetic vocabulary.

Poetry in France has always suffered from a too great insistence on logic and rationalism on the part of those who make up the literary community there. In a sense the Symbolists were struggling against an even less friendly world than might have been found in this country, where, at least at their period, poetry had not become separated from ordinary life. This is perhaps not brought out quite sufficiently here; nor the great difference in approach of the various poets considered in the book,

who extend, after all, over almost the entire nineteenth century.

Mr. Quennell has something to say, also, of Constantine Guys, that great artist and friend of Baudelaire's, who expresses so vividly in his drawings the society of which Baudelaire wrote—the cocottes, the Second Empire dandies, the seedy men lounging in cafés. Incidentally, Baudelaire himself was a draughtsman of considerable ability, as is shown by two of the illustrations in this book, including a self-portrait drawn under the influence of hashish. Guys, who was war artist for the *Illustrated London News* in the Crimea, was passionately dedicated to anonymity.

Even when Baudelaire wrote about his work he insisted that his name should not be revealed. Incidentally, it should be remembered that Baudelaire, as well as being a poet, was an art critic of the very first class. His words on the subject of painting, individual, ruthless, and often quite unexpected, are well worth re-reading.

All the poets dealt with here have their own particular interest. Most of them lived uncomfortable, even tortured, lives, which make painful, though fascinating, reading. Mr. Quennell touches, on the whole, lightly on their biographical side, though giving enough details to convey the general pattern of each career. His own polished style and real interest in the Symbolists as poets fit him admirably for his task. It was a good idea to republish this study which provides an extremely sympathetic introduction to the subject.

ANTHONY POWELL

Woman Metaphysician

Man on Earth. Jacquetta Hawkes. Cresset Press, 21/-

Here is something between *The Origin of Species* and *The Second Sex*; the subject is Darwin's but the method is Simone de Beauvoir's: stylish, challenging, feminine (almost feline), discursive. There are facts of biology and geology, some of them little known, not all of them well documented (it would be interesting, for example, to know more about those human infants who are supposed to have been brought up by wolves

to behave like wolves). There is also a great deal of speculation. Mrs. Hawkes is against the idea of natural selection, and believes that there is a purpose behind the evolution of mankind.

But while her metaphysics do credit to her heart, her ethical pronouncements are somewhat austere. Better, she says, commit suicide than have a pre-frontal leuchotomy. It is not clear why she thinks so, unless it is because the pre-frontal lobes have a connection with the Thalama and the Thalama a connection with the Jungian Archetypes, and that life without those enigmatic companions would not be worth living. Readers, however, might think it better to be a live Christian than a dead Jungian. M. C.

Good Company. Major-General Geoffrey Brooke. Constable, 21/-

A successful soldier, famed for his horsemanship, General Brooke has written other books dealing with those aspects of his life. Here he is mainly concerned with reminiscences of his friends and relations—a fascinating enough collection. Much of his boyhood was spent in the West of Ireland with a fabulous uncle, Heremon Lindsey FitzPatrick, where the house was always full of guests and the stables crammed with horses. On one occasion, when decorations were being worn for a German prince, FitzPatrick, having none, wore all his race badges and was the most impressive figure in the room.

After his father's death the author's mother re-married into the Wyndham family and the Brooke boys often stayed at Clouds, the Wiltshire home of George Wyndham, the secretary for Ireland. Clouds was a stronghold of "the Souls," A. J. Balfour and Margot Asquith being frequent visitors.

Though these descriptions are marked by observation and charm, the most compelling part of the book is the account of the Curragh incident. General Brooke was in the centre of the controversy and has written the only clear account that I have read of this long-forgotten crisis.

G. T.

Passes and Trespases. Hakon Mielche. William Hodge, 15/-

There is nothing gloomy about this Dane. Hakon Mielche is a traveller with an eye for beauty, a nose for trouble and an ear for humour. He has roamed the world the hard way, and his notebooks, made the more handsome by his witty

marginal sketches, are full of lively geography and engrossing gossip. *Passes and Trespases* is autobiographical, telling of Mielche's boyhood, his struggles as lightning cartoonist, gigolo, advertising agent, journalist and explorer, and there is never a dull moment. This book is almost as good as his *From Santos to Bahia*—which means that it is very warmly recommended.

A. B. H.

Early Conversation Pictures. Ralph Edwards. Country Life, 42/-

Mr. Ralph Edwards has done a useful service in drawing attention to the fact that the "conversation picture," so far from being an invention of the eighteenth century, goes back to mediæval times. After an informative introduction nearly a hundred illustrations trace the development of this form of painting. Mr. Edwards starts off with Van Eyck's *Arnolfini* in the National Gallery, leading through various Dutch masters, to the seventeenth century, and such paintings as "Thomas Hees and his Nephews and Negro Servant" in the Rijksmuseum, a lively scene of great charm and all the characteristic elements.

Naturally, those painters who practised in England are of special interest. Dobson, a much underrated master, supplies a good native foundation in the seventeenth century. Later there are

examples of that interesting painter Marcellus Laroon, who served as a captain of British dragoons, and such men as Mercier and Gawen Hamilton. An enjoyable volume.

A. P.

AT THE PLAY



Pay the Piper (SAVILLE)
Jokers Wild (VICTORIA PALACE)

IF I had to mark LAURIER LISTER's *Pay the Piper* I should give it about thirty per cent less than his *Airs On a Shoestring*, in which he hit a jackpot of wit, high spirits and originality. The comparison may not be quite accurate, because the earlier revue (still running) is an intimate affair in a small theatre, while the new model is clearly aimed at a wider public less susceptible to satire; but on entertainment value it seems fair enough. *Pay the Piper* fails to give the feeling—so satisfactory in revue, whether the strokes are broad or fine—that a single mind has shaped it. The programme is patchy, and every now and then wanders off into music-hall sketches of doubtful point. It has a good deal of talent, particularly on the distaff side, but this is used uncertainly—as when DORIS WATERS, in a number which would go far better at the Victoria Palace, has to prop up a defective lavatory cistern.

ELISABETH WELCH has had sharper



Pay the Piper

MISS ELISABETH WELCH

MISS ELSIE and MISS DORIS WATERS

MR. IAN WALLACE

PUNCH INDEX

The indexes of PUNCH contributions are now issued separately. The latest, for July to December, 1954, may be obtained free on application to The Publisher, PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Readers who have their copies bound in the standard binding covers need not apply. The indexes are supplied with the covers.

stuff, but she can make almost anything glitter, either in the sentimental-nostalgic or the ironic-suggestive, and in the latter vein she is well served in a neat song by Lincoln Chase. ELSIE and DORIS WATERS, who gain by their engaging air of having just arrived from a committee meeting of the Women's Institute, are a great asset when properly deployed, as they are in a Joyce Grenfell sketch of two dazed victims of a funfair, and in another of two elderly Gaiety girls strolling, shabby and unnoticed, in the park. Having to try to be mechanically funny in an over-gadged kitchen—again Victoria Palace—they're wasted, but when one bores the other with the entire plot of an opera I have no complaints.

DESMOND WALTER-ELLIS, the leading man, is at his best in a number by Michael Flanders about a rebellious Wimbledon umpire, and IAN WALLACE has a fine voice. A lyric by Justin Richardson pithily describing the financial tragedy of the common man is so well sung by the young gentlemen, and one by Wallace Towers about cricket-worship so touchingly delivered by the young ladies that I felt it was a pity there were not more choruses of this kind. The music is by various hands, and so is the décor. Both please.

I like the CRAZY GANG most when they are simply let loose on the stage to harry one another. For me the cream of *Jokers Wild* is their rag of British Railways, as five crones serving tea from a platform trolley, and bungling the cleaning of a third-class coach containing a honeymoon couple, a bear and other conveniently assorted freight; and the moment of moments is undoubtedly KNOX's loyal efforts not to sneeze into the Transport Commission's sugar.

But not far behind is a parody of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," with FLANAGAN as Chauvelin, KNOX as Sir Percy Blakeney, and constant interruption from NERVO and NAUGHTON, dressed as ambassadors, in a box (in this item the guillotine is too realistic to be funny, and earlier one had felt the same about FLANAGAN's violent assault on a pair of innocent stooges; it says much for the personal charm of the GANG that in a programme fizzing with *doubles entendres* these two scenes should stand out as gaps in taste). "What's My Line?" is taken off with spirit, though jokes about Gilbert Harding should now be dealt with in a Private Member's Bill. A refreshingly unexpected turn shows the GANG going gently gay as bellringers in a monastery.

The lunacy has sometimes been more inspired, but it serves. Lacing it are THE JOHN TILLER GIRLS, whose dancing is always a miracle of precision of which Wellington Barracks would not be ashamed; the DOLINOFFS and RAYA SISTERS, acrobatic dancers abetted in defiance of gravity by a strong man invisible against a black cloth; several

good voices, and some ambitious colour schemes.

But KNOX sneezing into the public sugar is what really matters.

Recommended

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

An Evening with Beatrice Lillie (Globe—1/12/54) and *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure* (St. Martin's—16/6/54)—two brilliant soloists showing off quite different paces. For families, *Aladdin On Ice* (Empire Pool, Wembley—29/12/54).

ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PUPPET OPERA



L'Amfiparnaso and
Philemon and Baucis
(WIGMORE HALL)

THE second of these pieces was written by HAYDN for the puppet theatre in Prince Esterhazy's playgrotto and first sung, in 1773, before a visitor, the Empress Maria Theresa. The few who gathered at the Wigmore for this revival by the Lanchester Marionettes whispered during the short intervals as if in church or at the assizes. Puppets are fun supposedly; but nothing crows like culture.

HAYDN's music, recorded, came at us through speakers flanking the little stage. The best of it was the choral jubilation at the end, majestic and complex stuff. This was by far the best of a poorish spectacle too. Doffing their mortal disguises, the gods descended for the finale upon the Philemon-Baucis hearth in a cloud-cradle of pearly glass with electric bulbs inside it. Once or twice the cradle tipped and jolted in a way that would have put feeble humans clean off their stroke; but Jupiter and Mercury, being puppets and therefore creatures of iron nerve, went on waving their thunderbolts and caduceus respectively with unflawed aplomb.

In other operatic situations, however, puppets look as silly as flesh and blood: sillier, perhaps. During the long orchestral exposition of his first aria, old Philemon no more knew what to do with himself than any Covent Garden tenor. He gyrated a bit, drifted a bit, lifted (click) and lowered (click) a lamenting arm. When his song began we saw that he had a "practicable" jaw, like Archie

Andrews, a wide and erratic jaw, sometimes open when it should have been shut, sometimes shut when he was still on the note, sometimes yapping syllables that weren't in the text at all. Which brings us to a gnawing problem.

Opera aspires to be a fusing of music on the one hand and words-action-visuals on the other. All the puppet medium does is divorce the two. The solo voices we heard (DOROTHY BOND, MARJORIE THOMAS, DAVID LLOYD, MAX WORTHLEY) were of agreeable quality and capably reproduced; but nobody could pretend they had anything to do with the droll, drifting, clinkety-clacking figments on the stage. This judgment is reinforced by *L'Amfiparnaso* (first revived by the Lanchesters in 1946), a variant on the Harlequin-Pantaloone-Doctor theme with text set in the form of madrigals for five voices by LORENZO VECCHI, a Bolognese sixteenth-century master. The score is cool, adroit and delicious; and the New English Singers do well enough by it. Even when there's only one puppet on the stage, we still hear the five voices singing, a fundamental absurdity. And even for completely contrasted sentiments there is only one facial expression per puppet, which is absurder still. When Isabella, disappointed in love, tries to stab herself, she wears the same smirk as when hunky-dory.

Each opera is bracketed with an "old time" puppet music-hall, an uproarious sequence which, if it went on longer, would alone be worth the ticket money.

CHARLES REID



AT THE BALLET

Selina (SADLER'S WELLS)

AFTER an absence of four years from the current repertory of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet ANDRÉE HOWARD and PETER WILLIAMS's *Selina* received a rapturous welcome on a well-staged return to Islington. Though it is described as a romantic satire, it is in fact a cleverly sustained essay in mockery—mockery of all the romantic ballets which delighted our grandpas and still hold the boards in the great opera houses of Europe. Mockery is a dangerous weapon of self-criticism—often two-edged—and when turned against the conventions of "classical" ballet may come perilously near to fulfilling La Bruyère's definition, *l'indigence d'esprit*.

Given, however, the confidence and polish of such accomplished dancers as PATRICIA MILLER, DAVID POOLE, JOHAAR MOSAVAL, ANNETTE PAGE, DAVID GILL and ANDRÉE HOWARD *Selina* is highly amusing, with no uneasy moments for the beholder. With the subtle advantage of music by ROSSINI, wittily selected and arranged by GUY WARRACK, a languishing poet, despairing of finding inspiration, is befriended by Naiads and sees a vision of their evocation materialize—*Selina* walking sedately in a romantic



wood designed by PETER WILLIAMS, and at her side her schoolboy brother. But because balletic romance demands villainy it is at hand in the ruthlessly acquisitive stepfather, Lord Ravensgarth, intent on deeds of greed and cruelty, only to be eclipsed in the frenzied whirl of a Witch, bent on mischief for its own sake. In the person of Miss HOWARD the Witch is a superb comic invention and gives the ballet its hilarious and principal distinction.

Miss MILLER (Selina) continues to grow in artistic stature and Mr. MOSAVAL, a recent recruit from South Africa, though he has a small part only as Selina's brother, makes so much of it without for a moment overdoing it that I look forward to his promotion to bigger rôles with scope both for his lithe elegance and his acting ability.

Two ballets by JOHN CRANKO completed the bill. His *Harlequin in April*, a pantomime with divertissements done for the Festival of Britain, improves on acquaintance. It owes much of its power to engage the beholder in unresolved abstractions to the curious pathos instinct in JOHN PIPER's settings and dresses. Similarly, OSBERT LANCASTER has brilliantly heightened the sparkle and gaiety of *Pineapple Poll*, a piece which, incidentally, shows what good can come of Arthur Sullivan's music falling out of copyright into the hands of Charles Mackerras. C. B. MORTLOCK



AT THE PICTURES

Svengali—Drum Beat

I FIND that DU MAURIER's *Trilby* was published in the early 'nineties, and the main events of the story were set back at least twenty years from then; but the film adaptation called *Svengali* (Director: NOEL LANGLEY) announces its period as "at the turn of the century," and the style of its clothes (as usual in period films) is touched in many details with a hint of something still more recent. However, correct or not, it is visually a very handsome job indeed. One thinks of Renoir and Manet—though the colour key is too predominantly golden and tawny for either of these painters—and sometimes (in the street scenes) Daumier; and it is interesting, though perhaps a bit of a come-down, that when the scene moves momentarily from Paris to a drawing-room in England there is a sudden suggestion of Sargent.

This perhaps as much as anything else shows up the artificiality of the story: it really needs DU MAURIER's own illustrations, dark and forbidding as they look to a present-day eye, if the proper atmosphere is to get over. DONALD WOLFIT does all that could be done with the part of Svengali, but the brooding, menacing note he tries for is extremely hard to achieve in competition with so much light and colour.

The story has also been given a happy ending: Trilby recovers on what in the



Svengali—DONALD WOLFIT
Trilby—HILDEGARDE NEFF
Billy—TERENCE MORGAN

Trilby

Svengali

Little Billie
George du Maurier

original was her death-bed. I can't feel strongly about this, precisely because the basic assumption of the story is so artificial. On the face of it, there is no more reason—except a taste for mechanical neatness of design—why Trilby should fail to recover from the coma into which she falls on the death of Svengali, than why she should have been hypnotized into singing beautifully in the first place. It is rather more arguable, in fact, that the death of Svengali would have set her free altogether.

I found surprisingly much to enjoy in the film, even apart from its purely visual merits. HILDEGARDE NEFF's Trilby (like the sculptor Durien's bust of her, which we see him working on here) has an invincibly twentieth-century style of beauty; DU MAURIER's Trilby by comparison (not so much in the profile recalled on this page, but certainly in full face) was more like Tenniel's Alice. Nevertheless she almost holds her own against Mr. WOLFIT's Svengali—which as the changed title indicates was more than anyone allowed for. The subsidiary characters and decorative incident (the dashing whiskered young men, the dance and party and other lively group scenes) are well and entertainingly presented, and the heavily dramatic moments are quite effective. Given this story, I can't imagine its being more successfully done.

Historical fact, says a foreword to *Drum Beat* (Director: DELMER DAVES); though fiction is used "to dramatise the truth where necessary." This is a Western on a pretty familiar pattern—possibly the same truths have been fictionally dramatised before—but a

pretty good one, using the length of the CinemaScope screen and the rocky scenery of the California-Oregon border to impressive effect. The story is a simple enough affair about a "veteran Indian fighter" (ALAN LADD) appointed Peace Commissioner, to subdue without bloodshed an outlaw band of Modoc Indians, and his discovery, of course, that quite a bit of bloodshed is necessary for the climax. Many of the usual ingredients are there: the watchers from behind the rocks in the pass, the battles with the cavalry, the Indians circling their intended victims, the customary stilted dialogue to suggest the Indian tongue ("It is that the killing must stop") ... And yet, as I have suggested so often before, it seems possible to put these ingredients together again and again with satisfactory results. Except, that is, for people who don't like Westerns anyway; but they will not have read as far as this.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Also in London: *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*, a very lively rustic musical, essentially corny but with some first-rate concerted song-and-dance scenes. *The Great Adventure* (8/12/54) and *Bread, Love and Dreams* (3/11/54) are still available; and Cinerama, of course, is going strong.

The two most notable new releases are *The Barefoot Contessa* (17/11/54), a melodrama continuously interesting because of the skill with which it is written and made, and *Phffft*, a gay-divorce piece amusing even apart from the incomparable JUDY HOLLIDAY.

RICHARD MALLETT



ON THE AIR

Music in Miniature

IT is difficult to belabour the dear old B.B.C. when it is in festive mood. I should feel a cad, a spoil-sport, if I allowed my personal disappointment in its Christmas fare to generate verbal choler: everybody in Portland Place and Lime Grove tries so hard.

At holiday times the B.B.C. always becomes grotesquely avuncular. The *Radio Times* brings out a bumper number, its printed schedules are framed in merry doodles, and its genial prose glows with cracker mottoes and cosy platitudes. The programmes follow suit, and no listener however remote or unfortunate is allowed to feel "out of things." So far, so good: but by roping everybody into its one big happy family the B.B.C. commits itself to an endless round of introductions, hand-shaking, back-slapping, and well-wishing, and has little time for normal duties.

So on Christmas Day, when most families are happy to contrive their own pleasures and to tap the radio merely for background music, gay, solemn and reasonable, we were treated to a succession of talks, cross-talks and interviews describing other people's Christmases. Mrs. Roosevelt told us about her day, Brian Johnson told us about the postman's programme, travellers and explorers told us about their odd celebrations, everybody seemed to be telling us what a spiffing day they were having or going to have, and all the time the B.B.C.'s one positive and guaranteed contribution to communal happiness—music—was being neglected. It should surely be possible on such occasions to provide music of some sort—recordings would do



(Top Town

Mr. Leo Soloman Mr. Neil Arden Mr. John Stoddart

—throughout the day on one programme, Home or Light, and to concentrate all the talk and natter into the other. The Third was more reasonable, devoting more than half its allotted span to chamber music, orchestral items and song, but by eight-thirty the radio had given way in most houses to the piano, combs and tissue paper.

Television was also excessively festive. After a lugubrious novelettish episode from "The Grove Family" (which may have ruined Christmas altogether for the gullible), we were invited to sit through an American film of unbelievable insipidness, a pre-war venture featuring Jean Parker, Charles Winniger and C. Aubrey Smith. This really was a disgraceful dish to set before millions of tired wrappers-up-of-parcels and fillers-of-stockings, and its probable result was to black out millions of receivers long before Midnight Mass from Notre Dame came on the air.

This was a wonderful Continental

Exchange programme, beautiful in sound and image. The cameras were used with rare skill and imagination, and the commentaries by Father Agnellus Andrew and Basil Taylor were models of enterprise and discretion.

TV's Christmas and New Year parties are obviously very popular. The newspapers are fond of inviting readers to name the stars with whom they would most like to crack nuts and bottles, and the published selections reveal that the personalities most in demand (the Royal Family and Sir Winston excluded) are the familiar celebrities of the domestic screen. So what could be nicer than to have scores of them right there in the room with us, all doing their bit, all infectiously comical and not a bit upstage, and some of them obviously fortified by a glass or two of port!

It was an excellent idea to prepare a selection of "Top Town" successes for the Boxing Day follies. "Top Town" is a regular programme in which amateur entertainers from different towns compete before the cameras and a studio audience. Singers, dancers, acrobats and comedians of all ages and occupations dash through their party pieces with commendable speed and great gusto, and very often the standard of performance is surprisingly high. "Top Town Parade" brought together twenty-four of the best acts screened during the series, each act lasting about two minutes, and the result was an hour of immense variety and rich amusement. Barney Coleham has done a first-rate job with this programme, and I hope the series will continue. There is plenty of talent awaiting discovery, and the B.B.C. needs every scrap of it.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

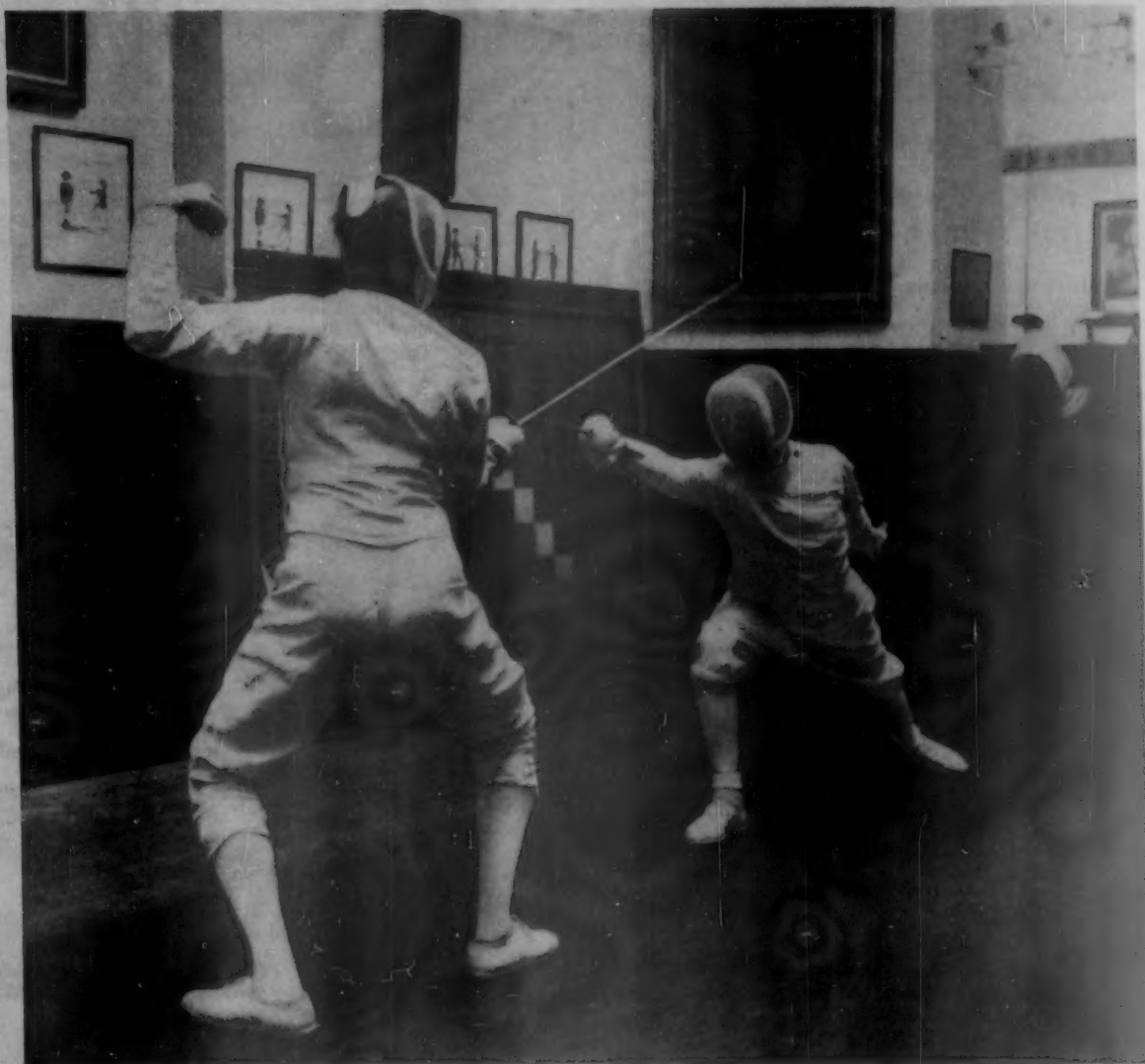


"For you, mate."

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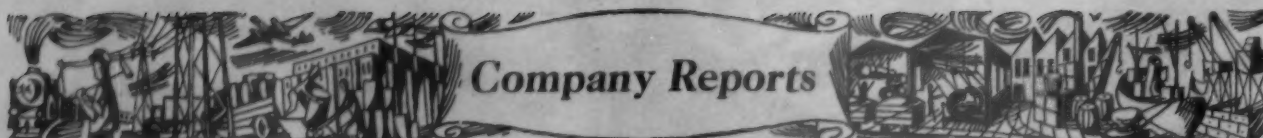
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(Motor Distributors & Engineers)

TRADING PROFIT EXCEEDS £500,000

The twenty-fourth annual general meeting of Kennings Ltd. was held on 31st December in Sheffield, Sir George Kenning, chairman and managing director, presiding.

The following are extracts from his speech:

I think you will agree that we have had another successful year's trading.

The Group's consolidated profit for the year amounts to £526,229 as compared with £399,215 last year. After mortgage interest £2,001 depreciation £54,258, directors' emoluments £13,746, auditors' remuneration £2,295, Pensions Scheme contributions £24,024, and taxation £250,252, the net profit is £179,653 as compared with £151,499 last year.

Out of the net profit of £179,653, the sum of £15,451 represents outside Shareholders' interests, and £22,156 is retained by subsidiaries, leaving a nett balance in Kennings, Limited, accounts of £142,046.

INCREASED DIVIDEND

Subject to your approval, your directors propose the payment of a Final Dividend of 17½ per cent (12½ per cent). I feel sure that this overall increase in dividend from 18½ per cent to 25 per cent, which is covered more than twice by earnings, will be approved by shareholders as representing a fair and prudent distribution of the earnings of your Company.

ACQUISITION OF NEW SUBSIDIARIES

Referring to the consolidated balance sheet, you will observe that fixed assets have increased from £1,050,700 to £1,288,664 of which an increase of £110,179 in motor vehicles is accounted for in the main by the acquisition of a controlling interest in Self Motoring, Ltd. This acquisition has proved, and continues to prove, profitable to your Company. Trade investments are reduced from £78,040 to £42,572 owing to the acquisition of Freeman, Oakes and Co. Ltd., and G. Mackay and Sons Ltd. Issued Capital is increased by £53,502 in Ordinary Shares on this account, and also by the purchase of outside interests in W. R. Sanders, Ltd., and Maudes of Norwich, Ltd. This transaction has, as I forecast at the time, proved very advantageous to your Company. Since the financial year end, we have purchased further shares in Self Motoring, Ltd., and a controlling interest in George Langley, Ltd., Nuffield distributors in Bedford.

Nevertheless, I would draw your attention to the fact that Kennings, Ltd., trading profit alone has increased from £223,699 to £277,278. Current assets at £2,120,522 exceed current liabilities of £1,368,405 by £752,117. Reserves, excluding future taxation reserves of £284,113, total £633,130 compared with ordinary capital of £553,502.

I should like to point out that this achievement has not come to us as a result of a so-called "Motor-Boom," but because of the hard work of your directors, management, staff and work people in the face of the very real difficulties and disappointments which have continued to beset us.

In particular, we continue to operate important sections of our business at very low profit margins and in the face of fierce competition. I refer to our spare parts business, tyre business, and petrol and oil business. I am glad to say that we are standing up well to competition, and are increasing both our share of the market and the profitability of our activities in these spheres. Contrary to general belief, a low proportion of our turnover in cars (less than 10 per cent) is accounted for by hire purchase business.

EXPENDITURE ON IMPROVEMENTS AND EXTENSIONS

In accord with the policy of our manufacturer friends, we are carrying out substantial improvements and extensions to our property and equipment, and, even more important, to the quality and scope of the services we offer to the public. We have budgeted for an expenditure of £500,000 in the next two years.

It is difficult to forecast the future, but nearly six months of another year's trading have gone, and results have been satisfactory. Our costs continue to rise, but fortunately so does our turnover.

All your directors are very actively engaged in the business, and the understanding between management and staff is of the best. We are proud of our co-workers, and we shall continue to watch their interests to the best of our ability.

We thank our manufacturers and suppliers for their continued understanding co-operation.

The report was adopted.

J. BROCKHOUSE & COMPANY

Problem of Steel Supplies

MR. J. L. BROCKHOUSE'S review

The fifty-seventh annual general meeting of J. Brockhouse & Co., Ltd., was held on December 22 in the registered offices, West Bromwich.

Mr. J. L. Brockhouse, M.A. (chairman and managing director), presided and in the course of his speech said:

The Accounts which I now present reflect in part the result of the reorganisation of certain of the Subsidiary Companies, to which I referred last year, and indeed the result would have been very much better had we not been subjected to very keen competition in the earlier part of the year in many of our trades.

At the present moment in all our production factories our order book is more than comfortably full, but it must be remembered that this business is taken on a highly competitive basis.

STEEL SUPPLIES

Our greatest concern at the present time is the supply of steel in all its forms. Steel Mills to-day are quoting nine to twelve months against specification. The worst feature, however, is that there is no guarantee of tonnage, even at this protracted delivery.

The practice of the Steel Mills is to allocate quotas to individual customers from period to period and there is no promise of what that quota will be in any particular period.

Such a state of affairs makes the rational planning of production an impossibility. The repercussions on the export market are very harmful and export customers are not interested whatever the price may be if protracted and uncertain deliveries have to be quoted.

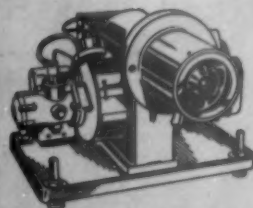
We are told of the increase in steel production, but there is no evidence of increased availability, in fact the reverse.



Brockhouse Sugar Cane Trailer

This question of guaranteeing steel supplies to consumers is one which must be studied by the Iron and Steel Federation. The arbitrary methods at present adopted are a great disservice to the whole of the steel consumer industries and I would unhesitatingly say that the biggest deterrent to the installation of more efficient plant is the constant threat of failure to supply steel.

Stockholders naturally expect me



Brockhouse Type L.O.175 Oil Burner

TRIBUTE TO DIRECTORS AND STAFF

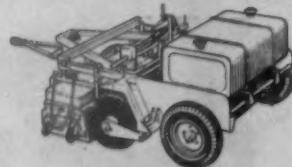
I should like to record the fact, and I know that stockholders will be equally gleased as I was, that the better results shown this year have been a great incentive to all the Staff. During any period of change, the work of the Staff is always more difficult and exacting. It naturally means a period of uncertainty; however, all the staff addressed themselves very loyally and conscientiously to the task and the first signs of improvement are naturally a great tonic.

My thanks are also due to my colleagues on the Board for their advice and understanding.

The report and accounts were adopted and the total dividend of 6 per cent. on the Ordinary Stock was approved.



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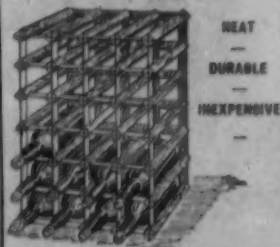
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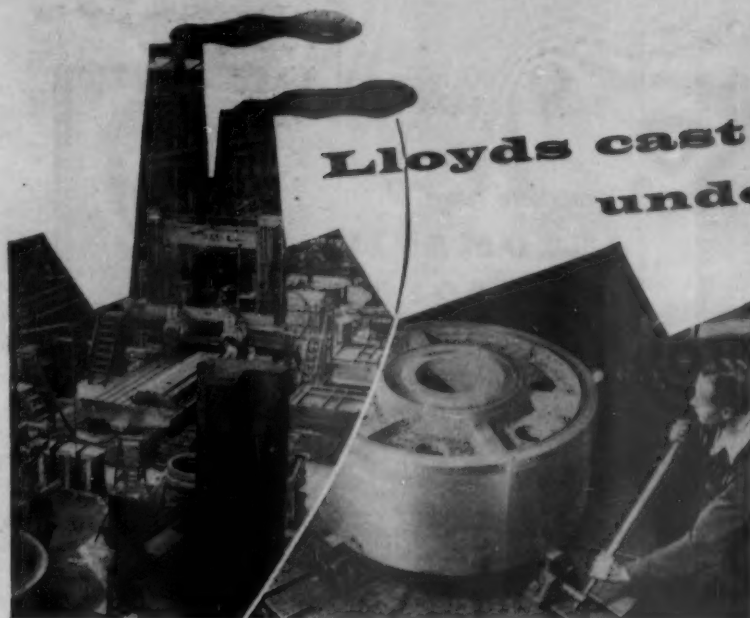


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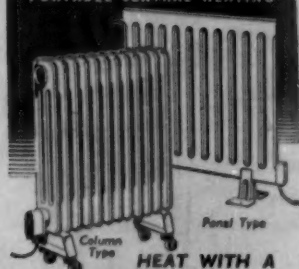
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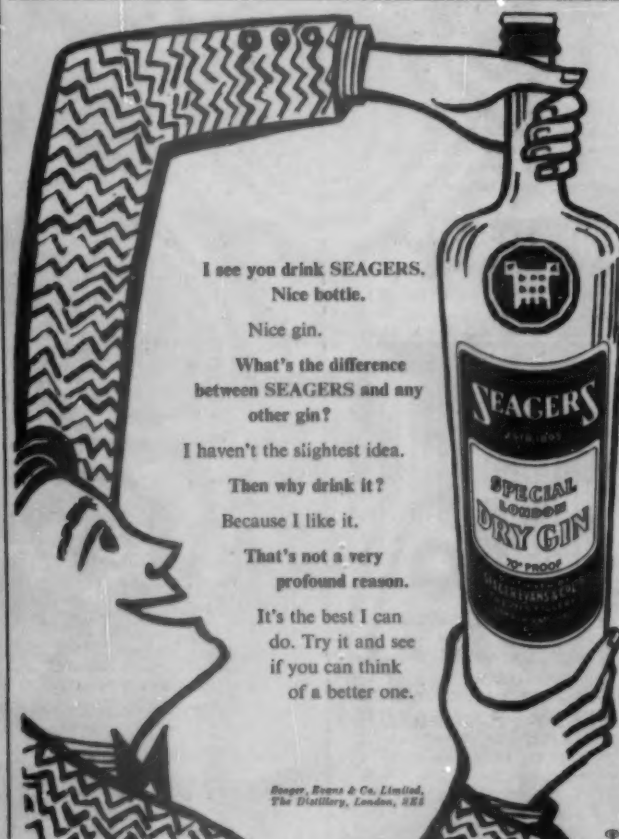
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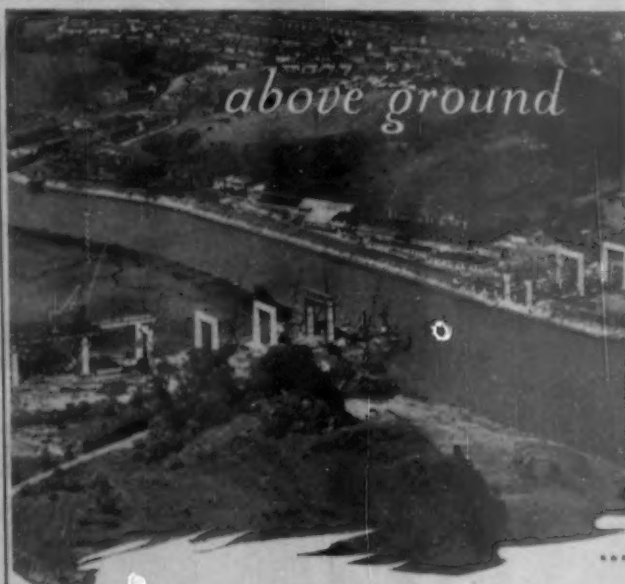
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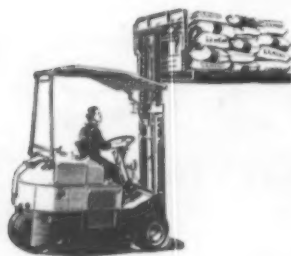
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